

VOL. 1.

THE

NO. 5.

MESS-KIT



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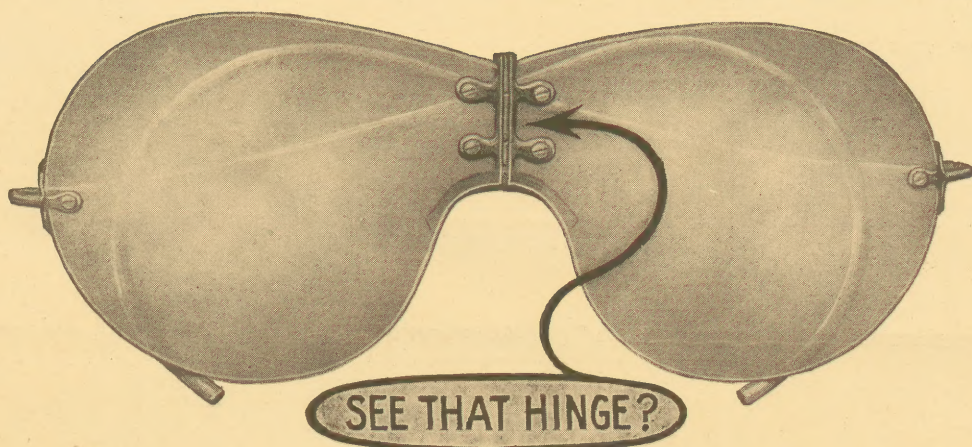
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Know it's free from fault and sham"*

Out of the hell of the living death,
Out of the maw of Mars;
Battered and blistered by War's hot breath,
Guided and led by the stars
That shine in the blue of our country's flag.
Our crusaders, head high, heart free roam—
For the job has been done and no spirits lag—
And they're back to the land called "Home."

A magazine written and published by the enlisted men of U. S. A. Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J., by Authority of the Surgeon General, issued monthly.

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Vol. 1

JULY, 1919

No. 5

Somewhat like the butterfly emerging from her chrysalis, the staff of the Mess-Kit present this issue to its readers. There have been radical changes. Fully matured plans have been swept away and supplanted by embryonic but none-the-less wholesome appearing ideas. The result—you have it before you. Its playful jabs at the different soldiers are merely the pawing, not the clawing of a kitten. All in all, the Mess-Kit is—Merritt merit.

PUT SAND ON THE TRACKS

One of the sweetest and most artistic dangers of relief after a big strain, is the let-up. For as soon as the tension, gripping you tightly, is removed, one's natural re-action is to let things slide.

The big troop movements in the orders of demobilization are over, and once again we are resting back in our figurative morris chairs and humming "Where do we go from here." And we're sliding into a rut of lethargy. Get hold of yourself. Never mind working up to your highest pitch, but keep a firm grip on that head of yours, for once you slide down into the rut of Don't Give A Damn, you're a "gone coon."

The only solution is to hold the high rein until the War Department sees fit to pat us on the back and say, "Good boy, you came through clean."

STAMPING OUT SNAKES

Adding what little force, we may wield in this editorial hammer, we want to place our blow, along with those of other PRO-AMERICAN journals, against the Bolshevik. It isn't over. It's living now, right here—in camp—in the city.

When you see a rattlesnake springing at you from the road, you stamp on his head. The Bolshevik propaganda is the poison in the mouth of the rattlesnake. He used to mask himself as the I. W. W. A snake may shed his skin, but his fangs are ever the same.

When you meet one of these long haired snakes, think of Argonne and St. Mihiel. When he talks of the "freedom of the people," remember that Russia was a dead number, because of her version of it. Let's stamp on the heads of a few of these rattlesnakes.

Last year the American troops marched through Paris in a glorious July Fourth parade. And it may be Berlin, this year, if General Pershing chooses so. With or without the permission of the Bolshevik.

FROM THE RED-CHEVRONED

"I've been out of the army for almost two months and I am just beginning to realize why some fellows re-enlist. There was a time, just before I got my discharge, when I thought that a fellow who joined up again was a nut. But now I understand it thoroughly. The army gives you the only real companionship in the world. You get true pals there; fellows who stick by you through anything. They are just like the army life; hardy and substantial. If this is a boost for recruiting, I am not ashamed of it. I hope it gets a few fellows to relieve those now in the army of occupation."

Those are the words of a man, who knows. Corporal William Daly, Co. M, 108th Infantry, has been through the mill and one has to listen to a man who's passed the test. Think it over. There's that buddy of yours, with whom you've "palled" around since you got in service. And there's Brown and Johnson in your barracks, or it might be McGinty or Levi, but no matter what their names are, they've stuck by you and they'll do it again. What's the test of goodfellowship worth?

THE FIREWORKLESS FIREWATERLESS MONTH OF JULY

Weather:

From 1-7, wet spell abating; 8-16, high winds with many a feminine zephyr; 17-25, slight rain and increasing heat; 26-30, prevalent dry spell.

Signs of the Zodiac.....Leo
(He comes from Nubia, which went dry, 645 B. C.)

Tide:

High—ball
Low—brow
Flood—66°

- June 1: Signal Corps telegraphers start stringing wires on Baker, who voluntarily resigned from the force of culinary artists.
June 2: Somebody redlines a calendar for July first and Hostess House No. 3 lays in supplies.
June 3: Lieut. Tatum files application for discharge, A. D. 1926.
June 4: Co. K, 13 Infantry, gets new police badges and turns in 42 men.
June 5: Gus Reihle "razzes" the Officer of the Day for "dirty-ing" the kitchen floor, B. C. 2439.
June 6: Seven days from payday and George Scollins floats his first Liberty Loan.
June 7: The Top Kick talks about starting an employment agency when he gets out of the army.
June 8: Sgt. 1/c Aloysius Howard makes no unfavorable comment on the mess. (Note: He was on pass, all day.)
June 9: Postmaster Bevo sent to laboratory for examination and result showed more than 2¾ percent alcohol.
June 10: Fire department turned out a better display of hose than camp visitors.
June 11: Tommie Vincent makes trip to New York to see burlesque show and wakes Harry Redding by singing "Mother dear missed father, but she broke the parlor lamp."
June 12: Nurses' quarters has epidemic of cold-sores. Inoculation of garlic used.
June 13: Merritt Dispatch out. Flag at half-mast. A. D. 1932.
June 14: Chaplain Axton advocates spats for non-coms. Cpl. Hackett decries the conspicuity.
June 15: Corporal Hackett buys four pair of spats with his name stencilled on them.
June 16: 8 A. M. Corporal Hackett wears a purple pair. 8 P. M. Admitted to hospital as emergency case.
June 17: M. P.'s take "Mickey" Connors to brig for post—St. Patrick's Day celebration.
June 18: Nothing. Editor had a heavy date last night.
June 19: Detachment Medical Department, Base Hospital, discharged. B. C. 5773.
June 20: Millenium eleven days away.
June 21: Clayton Youngs sees old examination papers for Sergeant-First Class, looks at his several stripes and congratulates himself.
June 22: No news. Staff goes to church. A. D. 461.
June 23: Joe Butterfield goes to Bath Beach to take a bath. Beach has no effect on Joe.
June 24: Pvt. Heller (or is it corporal or sergeant, we've lost track) misses his daily bath, getting the dope on Butterfield.
June 25: Business Manager of Mess-Kit announces 50,000 copies of first edition sold in three hours. A. D. 1945.
June 26: Cleopatra accuses Lillian J. Ryan of alienation of affections, naming Brother Provost of the Y. M. C. A. No. 1.
June 27: Sgt. King hangs out his wash and goes to duty wearing a raincoat over his socks and identification tag.
June 28: Merritt Inn stops selling custard pies after numerous contacts of same with employees' faces.
June 29: Entire Q. M. detachment start for New York on three days furlough. Look at your own calendar.
June 30: Drink, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die. The Millenium.

"THE WAR IS OVER AND THE EMERGENCY IS PAST"

Most of the men in the service requesting discharge, and the relatives of such men, quote this sentence. Think it over. Has the emergency passed? Is the war over? For you who do not, or will not, give this matter proper consideration I will say that the war is NOT over, and the emergency has NOT passed.

Our generous government has guaranteed to all men disabled by wounds or disease restoration to normal health, or to health as near the normal as medical science can accomplish. In addition, those who have been so disabled as to require re-education for a new occupation, have been guaranteed the training which will make them self-sustaining. Until these solemn obligations are fulfilled the war is not over and the emergency still exists for the medical department. Suppose you were one of the disabled being cared for by the medical department; would you want to see all the personnel discharged before you were cured and re-educated? Of course not.

You may say, "I am not taking care of the sick and I am not in the educational department. Therefore my services can be spared." If you are directly taking care of the sick, or are in educational work, you may say, "Some one else can take my place."

In the first of these instances, you must remember that all those on duty in a hospital are parts of the necessary machinery for the whole, and are indirectly taking care of the disabled. If you say that someone else can take your place, the question is WHO. Perhaps that someone is of the same opinion as you. Then which should receive first consideration for discharge?

War Department instructions authorize a man's discharge when there is sickness or distress in the family, or when his services are urgently needed in an industry—PROVIDED that his services can be spared. Sickness in the family does not mean sickness of a temporary or mild sort; distress in the family does not mean simply your presence at home would provide better living conditions. Under industrial considerations, the test is not the existence of a general shortage of labor, but the need to a given employer or business of a certain individual.

Discharges are granted when your services can be spared. Who is the judge of that? You are not in a position to judge. Those who are running the machine, in which you are only a spoke in a wheel, must necessarily be the judges in the matter.

Patriotism and your sense of duty demand that you "carry on" your part of the job until you have fulfilled your obligations to the disabled and to your government. Do not wear a grouch, but wear a smile. One who is always whining because he can't get what he wants will not succeed in any kind of life. Don't forget that the war is not over and the emergency is still holding you in the service. Send this word to the folks at home, and tell them that as long as the government wants you, and the disabled need you, it is your intention to "stick it out."

—AN OFFICER WHO HANDLES DISCHARGES.

We give this statement a position in the editorial columns because the Mess-Kit approves of it, and because it comes from one who is qualified to speak on the question of discharges.—*Ft. Bayard News*.

"AFTER the EMERGENCY."

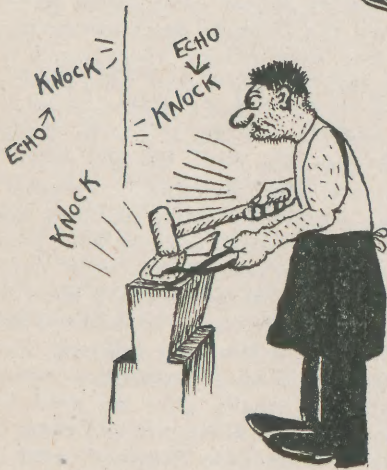
INTIMATE
VIEW OF
A BANDMASTER



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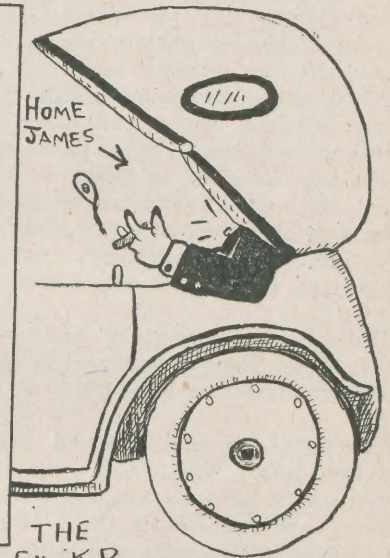
HE WAS A BOLD BAD BUGLER



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CONTINUES KNOCKING



THE SERGEANT WHO
MADE YOU "POLICE UP"



THE
EX-K.P.

TOIGHTY
TOID
STREET
CHANGE FER
TOID AVENYER



THE INTERPRETER
GOES BACK TO
HIS OLD JOB
AND HIS OLD
LANGUAGE

HERE Y'ARE
HOT DOGS
GET 'EM WHILE
THEY'RE
RED-HOT



FROM
KHAKI
TO MUFTI
FOR
MR. COOTIE



THE
MESS-SERGEANT

MUSTARD
< AN' EVERYTHING

CULVER

A COMPARISON OF VALUES

HE had shoulders as broad as a hack, and feet that were the despair of the Q. M. "I kin wear 10's but most in ginerally I wears fourteens."

But broader than his shoulders, and larger than his feet was his fear of German gas. When he had his gas drill, he often heard the Gas Officer say, that, "Only two kinds of people are left after a gas attack; the quick and the dead."

It made a lasting impression on him, so when his battalion was ordered up to the Front to be ready to connect the French Narrow Gauge Lines with the captured German railroad, his gas mask was his constant companion. He even slept with it under his head as a pillow.

At the Front, "Cat," as nervously alert as an old hen with a bunch of chickens in a section invested with hawks, spent his days searching the skies for German 'planes, and his nights in almost sleepless terror, "listening to them Big Boys talkin'".

One beautiful moonlight night, behold our hero peacefully asleep at last, with his number fourteens sticking out of one end of his pup tent, — to get the fresh air. Without warning an M. P. (that chronic disturber of all innocent leisure) rode furiously through the little camp, yelling, "Gas! Gas!"

"Cat" awoke at once, and made a wild grab for his gas mask. It was gone! With a mighty upheaval he arose from the ground, bringing his pup tent with him. Opening his mouth with a mighty yell of terror, he cried in agony: "Where am my gas mas'? My God! somebody tell me where my gas mas' am at."

Alternately yelling this question with all the power of his huge lungs, and running about, falling over other pup tents with their sleeping occupants, in his frantic search for his mask, he finally woke "The Top," who told him in the nice soothing language habitually used by "Top Kicks," to shut up and beat it, before someone shot him.

That sounded good to "Cat," so he started to "go 'way from here." On his way he ran into, and all but knocked down, a Q. M. mule, tied to a nearby tree. The collision gave "Cat" an inspiration. He saw the mule's gas mask, tied around his neck for instant use. That was enough for "Cat."

"Mule," he said, "you don' know what danger you is in, and I does. Gimme that mas'." Jerking off the mule's mask, he jammed it over his head and proceeded on his way.

Fortunately the wind changed, and the gas attack went the other way. When "Cat" was finally corraled and returned to his organization, some of the wags among the officers, convened a Mock Court Martial to try "Cat."

"Who maliciously, and with intent to steal, did on a certain date, rob one Q. M. C. mule of his gas mask, thereby depriving said mule of his sole means of defense against gas attacks, which act, was in effect to deprive said mule of his life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness, which offense is in violation of the 57839933247th Article of War. And, if in the opinion of this Court Martial the said Private Augustus Ceaser Smith (commonly known as "Cat") be found guilty, and it be proven that the life of the said "Cat" be of less value to the U. S. than that of said Q. M. C. mule, it is hereby ordered that said life be taken from said "Cat," with the assistance of a firing squad at sunrise, or rather at such time as the sun usually rises in countries other than France, where the sun never shines. All against the peace and dignity of the U. S."

This high sounding and imposing document was solemnly read to "Cat" whose black brow beaded with the sweat of terror while he listened. It even effected his appetite, for that day he failed to ask for "Seconds," the first time in the history of the company.

The Sunday "Cat" was tried, was turned into a Roman holiday. The battalion was paraded, and marched to the place of trial. Incidentally, in the back ground could be seen the newly-thrown-up earth of "Cat's" grave, with the coffin beside it, so confident was the Government of a conviction.

The Colonel, who presided, sat with his staff on a raised platform. Before him, in the grasp of two mighty M. P.'s, was "Cat," placed where he could see his grave. His lawyer, a "Preacher", detailed from his company to defend him, sat

beside him. The lack of confidence in his lawyer, and fear of the ultimate outcome was shown by the pitiful and dejected look on "Cat's" face. An M. P., a lawyer in civil life, from Birmingham, Ala., represented the Government.

The evidence was brief and to the point. There could be no question of "Cat's" guilt. The case hinged on the relative value of the defendant and the mule. When the time for speaking came, the M. P. Captain brought tears to the eyes of some, and groans from "Cat" and his friends, as he described how this poor unassuming mule, bravely and uncomplainingly doing his duty for his country, even hauling food many long and weary miles that this defendant might eat, and then in the mid-night hour of danger, to have his only means of defense, which a grateful country had provided, ruthlessly snatched from him, by a man who had carelessly lost his own mask.

It was a powerful and stirring appeal. The Firing Squad who had been detailed from the Infantry Regiment nearby, began to clean, oil and load their rifles. There could be no doubt of the outcome, they said, and they were hungry and wanted to go to mess. If "Cat" had not been so loyally supported by his friends (?)—the M. P.'s,— he would have fallen. His face took on an ashy look. His eyes rolled.

Carefully moping his brow, the "Home-made Preacher" rose to make his defense. At first he spoke haltingly and without force. Those of us who had heard him hold forth on the boat going over, when the fear of the "subs" made him "wrestle wid de Lawd" were disappointed. We knew he could bring tears to the eyes of the Statue of Liberty, and here he was stumbling through a few tame phrases. But suddenly he had an inspiration. Now an inspiration cannot be wooed. It comes unbidden, usually after the need for it has passed. But this one made a home-run, and came in the nick of time. And the "Home-made Preacher" used it. He spoke in this wise:—

"Colonel and Capens, my frien', the Capen' lawyer shore has tole the truf. I agrees wid him all along the line 'bout 'Cat.' 'Cat' aint even no good for K. P. an' when a nigger aint no good for K. P. he shore is onery an' triffin'. Looked at by an' large he aint wurth what a good mule is. But de Capen' fergits one thing, an' dat is dis 'Cat' is in-shored in the Govirnmental Inshorance fer ten thousan' dollars. De day dat woman of his knows fer shore dat 'Cat' is done daid, dat he am really ceasted, dat very day dat woman is just as shore to marry some flat footed, flabbergasted slacker back home in Alabama and de sun is due ter ris', and de army will done be beat outen dat money. Good mules, better dan 'Cat' min' yer, — I recedes dat pint to the Capen', — kin be bought in Alabama whar I lives, easy, for two hundred dollars. So you see, lookin at it dat way, 'Cat' is wuf de mos'."

Amid wild acclaim, during which the Colonel rapped in vain for order, "Cat" was fined five francs, which was paid the "Home-made Preacher." That noon "Cat" not only asked for "seconds," but cleaned his mess kit, and returned again to the line, declaring he had not been served at all.

A POSSIBLE MISUNDERSTANDING

Appreciating the fact that the people outside might misunderstand the jocular idea in mind, in printing the story of Cpl. George Hackett, in last month's issue, the Mess-Kit desires to repeat that any reference to the soldier was only made in a playful spirit and were in no wise serious.

EXHIBIT SHOWS ADVANCE MADE BY ARMY MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

(Special to The Mess-Kit)

Atlantic City, N. J., June 15.

Advances attained by the Medical Department of the Army during the war in disease control, sanitation, medicine, surgery, hospitalization and reconstruction of the wounded were graphically presented to civilian doctors at the annual convention of the American Medical Association, here June 9 to 14.

Construction and administration of hospitals for the care of sick and wounded were demonstrated by the Hospital Division, with typical layouts of hospitals and views of scenes at a number of hospitals including the hospitals at the remodeled Greenhut Building in New York City, the general hospital at Fort Sheridan, Ill., Tuberculosis Hospital at Denver, and camp hospitals at Camps Dix, N. J., Mills, N. Y., and Bragg, N. C.

The method of handling patients on hospital trains through the ports of New York and Newport News, Va., the latest type of general mess and kitchen at army hospitals among them Fort Sheridan, Ill., including cafeteria service and the proposed development of the Walter Reed General Hospital at Takoma Park, D. C., into an Army Medical Center was also demonstrated.

The Sanitation Division operated a "delousing" plant showing how typhus fever was kept out of the country by thoroughly cleaning the men and their clothing of the festive "cootie." Methods employed by the army in handling infectious diseases, which have resulted in a marked reduction of the chief sick rates in the last generation, was exhibited by the section of epidemiology of the Laboratory Division. It included a complete field laboratory outfit as was used on the Western Front to make diagnoses of suspected epidemics of disease so that prompt isolation and treatment could be applied.

Lecture slides, placards, posters and pamphlets used by the army in combating venereal diseases during the training of the

army and also during demobilization to interest soldiers returning to civilian life in the fight against this disease were shown. Wax and plaster models were on view under the Division of Surgery showing the results of operations upon wounds of the face and limbs by various methods, showing the wonderful results which have followed these measures in which men who have practically lost their entire face have been given a new face. There were also models illustrating the effects of bone grafting of shell wounds. Under the orthopaedic surgery section the attention given to the feet of the soldier was shown.

The application of splints and the fitting of wooden legs, provisional arms and special appliances such as hooks, and tool holders for those who have lost arm or leg was shown. An X-ray which generates its own power for operation and a bedside unit together with an X-ray ambulance packed with everything necessary for X-ray work in the field, including operating crew, demonstrated this feature of army service. The care and treatment of insane and neurotic patients was shown in an exhibit of the section of neuropsychiatry.

The work of the army in caring for its horses and mules was depicted in an exhibit of the Veterinary Division. The Division of Physical Reconstruction had an interesting exhibit illustrating the work of furnishing therapeutic adjuncts to medical and surgical treatment with a view of hastening recovery and securing the best functional restoration for the disabled soldier. Articles of workmanship turned out by these patients, including knitted bags, knotted cord work, bead necklaces, woven belts, colonial mats and poster work at the various hospitals were shown.

The work of publication of newspapers and magazines at army hospitals by and for soldier patients was illustrated by an exhibit of "the Come-Back," and "The Army Supplement," published at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C. The first American flag to lead a U. S. military detachment into Europe during the war was there. The flag was carried by the first army contingent to leave the United States May 8, 1918.



We Wanna Go Home!

You may walk in thru squadrooms,
Or the draft rooms or shops
And talk with skilled artisans
With the cooks, K. P.'s or cops.
You may find them "Twos ensemble"
Or may find one all alone,
But you'll always hear the same desire,
"We wanna go home."

This has been a busy place here
In the good old days of yore
When our lads were working day and night
To help win this great war.
When we finished maps for
Argonne, St. Mihiel and the Somme
But now the damned war's over
And "We wanna go home."

When the call for men was sounded
We were Johnny on the spot
And we drilled and hiked asinging
We were then a jolly lot.
And we did our bit asmilin'
Ne'er a whimper, grouch or groan
But now that our job is finished
"We wanna go home."

Thanks to THE BASE "BULL," 29th Eng.
Langres, France.

"How did you happen to marry that little French girl?"
"Why, it solved the mother-in-law problem. Whenever Fleurette's mother starts yapping at something, I just smile and say 'Je ne comprends pas' and turn away."



Of course, we might say that this was a picture of a flock of Winter Garden Chorus Girls in every-day attire, but we won't. It isn't fair to keep secrets from the readers. These are the girls who cheer the Poor and Forlorn Soldiers instead of the Tired Business Men. The (Laydees) Fayre are the members of the Girls' Patriotic League of Bergen County, who dance merrily at Hostess House No. 3 every Thursday night. And to have No. 14 EE hobnails treading on your frail little 2A slippers is surely a test of patriotism.

MEMORIES OF THE PILL PIN ROLLER

While they're passing 'round these Croix de Guerre's and
 "D. S. C." and such,
 There's a guy, I'd like to mention. He isn't mentioned
 much;
 His job is nothing fancy and he doesn't get much fame,
 He's just a stretcher bearer, but believe me "Bo" he's
 game.
 Who am I? Why just a doughboy, perhaps you've heard
 my "rep,"
 And I used to kid the "pill brigade," for getting out of step.
 But since, we've had this war of ours, I've seen what they
 can do,
 And perhaps this little story may explain my change of
 view.

I was lying there, one morning with my nose jammed in
 the dirt,
 While the bullets all around me made the tiny dust clouds
 spurt;
 Just a wishin' I was thinner and a longin' to be home,
 Or any place away from there, from Mexico to Nome.
 My pal was lying wounded up a hundred yards ahead,
 And I knew we couldn't reach him, so I gave him up for
 dead—

But two stretcher bearers started and I "figgered" they
 were gone,
 Still they never hesitated—just went on—and on—and on.
 They just sort of hunched their shoulders like it was a
 shower of rain,
 And they went out to my buddy and they brought him
 back again.
 It's not so hard to face the Boche and let him shoot at
 you,
 When you've an Automatic and can do some shootin' too;
 But those two boys went marching out without a single
 chance,
 Except to push up daisies in some sunny field in France.

They saw their job and did it without any fuss or talk
 Just as calmly and serenely as you'd start out for a walk.
 Believe me, that took courage and I'll hand it to them then,
 You may call them non-combatants, but they're soldiers and
 they're men.

—Anonymous.

TAPS

I wonder if we ever stop to think what Taps really means
 to a soldier? Do we ever think that whenever possible,
 every soldier who dies in the service, passes to his last long
 sleep with the sweet sound of taps? How many of us
 ever stop to think that some day we will hear this sweetest
 of all bugle calls for the last time? How many sick in
 hospitals are soothed at night with taps, and turn to rest
 contentedly after hearing it? There are many things in the
 army we do not appreciate, because they become second
 nature with us, and we think little about them. I think this
 is true of Taps.

For many, many years, wherever the American flag
 waves, the sick, wounded, the restless, the dying have been
 soothed by this wonderful bugle call. Taps was sounded
 over the dead body of the great soldier who sleeps at the
 head of Riverside drive, it has been sounded many times
 over the nameless graves of our soldiers dead in foreign
 lands.

Very ill myself once in a military hospital, I waited each
 night for Taps before I could compose myself to sleep. I
 believe the bugler here at the Base Hospital must feel
 something of this responsibility resting on him, because no-
 where have I heard Taps rendered so softly and beautifully.
 I am quite sure the sick boys in the hospital appreciate it,
 because they are the inspiration of these remarks.

—An Officer.

THE MONTH'S BEST JOKE

There's a town in New Jersey that wins the blue-
 ribbon for patriotism. And it's not because of its sup-
 port of the Red Cross drives, or the Salvation Army
 call or the Liberty Loan. But this borough has gone
 farther than that. It has welcomed back into its midst,
 all who have done their share in the war. The town
 is bedecked with "Home," "Back Again" and
 "Hurrah for Our Boys" signs. But there's one sign
 on one place that rings of true sincerity and utter
 patriotism.

On a huge white streamer, across the front of the
 county jail is the sign, "Welcome Home."

Absence Makes the Heart, Etc.

One good old Roman (Yclept Virgil) Once Said, "A Fickle and Changeable Thing Is Woman Ever

LIFE was indeed good to Private Mallory.

For just before the war had broken out, the Sweetest Girl in the World had confided softly to him, with her head nestled on his shoulder, that her sun rose and set in his paths. And then the conversation ran towards little homes and picnic suppers and Sundays-spent-together. But soon it seemed as if the bubble of life was pricked and Mallory, Eustace, by first name, sized up the situation to the effect that it was a man's job to win the war and he elected himself to be the man.

Then came the hurried weeks of training and the daily letter from the Sweetest Girl in the World. And every evening, a letter left the camp addressed to Sally Taylor and every morning a ginghamed, hair-ribboned Miss blushing inquired for it at the village post-office.

Then came the last of the letters for a spell and Sally saw her hero gambling with the sharks and sardines as the result of some dastardly submarine and subsequently gave up eating German fried potatoes.

But there came the day when there arrived an envelope bearing a foreign stamp and it re-told the story of a life's devotion, which had stood the test of 3128 miles and 42 feet. It forswore all but made-in-America maids and oh, what devotion was being transmitted to Sally from Eustace 'cross the seas.

Then his unit went into the training area and the letters grew scarcer and more formal and inquired about Grandma Jones' cow and how Old Man Higgins was and told of humorous incidences in camp.

A month later the 13th Infantry went into the trenches and then came the dearth of letters for Sally. Now, Sally (as a note of explanation) was a girl with a girl's heart and a girl's peculiar desire for attentions. And when the letters from Eustace were not forthcoming, her womanly heart ached.

At this juncture, a recruiting sergeant was detailed to Hannibal, the town which claimed Sally as its own,—even as Eustace had in days gone by. Midsummer—softly-sighing-Sally and the handsome sergeant (all sergeants are handsome)—the orange blossoms—and goodbye Miss Sally—enter Mrs. Sergeant.

Grrrrh. Bam. (Guaranteed word picture of the last shot fired by the Americans before the armistice.) And then the armistice. In the joy of getting out of the trenches and into the little French town of Chamoix, Private Mallory never got to the stage of writing letters home. There were always things to occupy his interest, particularly Mimi, black of hair, and charming of face.

And then the orders to return, the too-long trip over the Atlantic—the demobilization camp.

Mallory's first object was to see Sally. The train fairly dragged along—stopping at every little jerkwater town which had a house and twice at every town which had a double house. At last, he reached Hannibal and no sooner had he passed the corner store, than he saw Sally, just ahead of him. How pretty she looked. He hurried and caught up to her.

"Eustace—Eustace," she was almost sobbing. He was looking steadily at her. Twice he tried to call her by name, but somehow couldn't. It seemed as if something stuck in his throat. He must talk to her. A pause—a gulp. "Sally dear," he whispered, "I must see you tonight—there's so many things I have to tell you—after being away so long." Sally turned her head away and sobbed. "But Eustace—you mustn't—you see, I didn't get your letters and—I thought—you were—dead and Eustace, I'm married."

"Married!" Mallory—ex-private Mallory was stunned—I see. Best o' luck," he muttered and turned away—turned toward his own little home.

As was said before, life was indeed good to Private Mallory. For over there in France, he had married black-haired Mimi.

Attention Boys!

If you are in the hospital and would like to send a copy of the Mess-Kit home to folks Uncle Sam will do it free of postage. Buy a Mess-Kit from the nurse, Y. M. C. A. man or an official representative, say you want it sent home—give the address to the one you buy it from and it will be sent postage-free. The more copies you send to civilians the better we will be pleased.

—The Editor.

13th INFANTRY LARGEST UNIT

OF the 24 organizations comprising the permanent personnel of Camp Merritt, totalling, 511 officers and 4517 enlisted men, the 13th Infantry leads with 1029 soldiers.

Second in enlisted men, but topping the doughboys in the number of officers, is the Base Hospital with 65 commissioned and 801 enlisted personnel.

Resting peacefully at the bottom of the string is the Veterinary Detachment, whose roster includes the name of one lone officer with a unit of two men. This is well contrasted with the 386 soldiers in Motor Command No. 40.

The single buck private who had to salute a post full of officers has nothing on the sergeant in Q. M. C. Det. No. 18, who is the only representative of the ranks with nine officers of that unit. Civilian employees complete the detachment.

Two hundred and thirty one field and staff officers compose the strategy board of the camp.

The names and strength of all camp organizations are as follows:

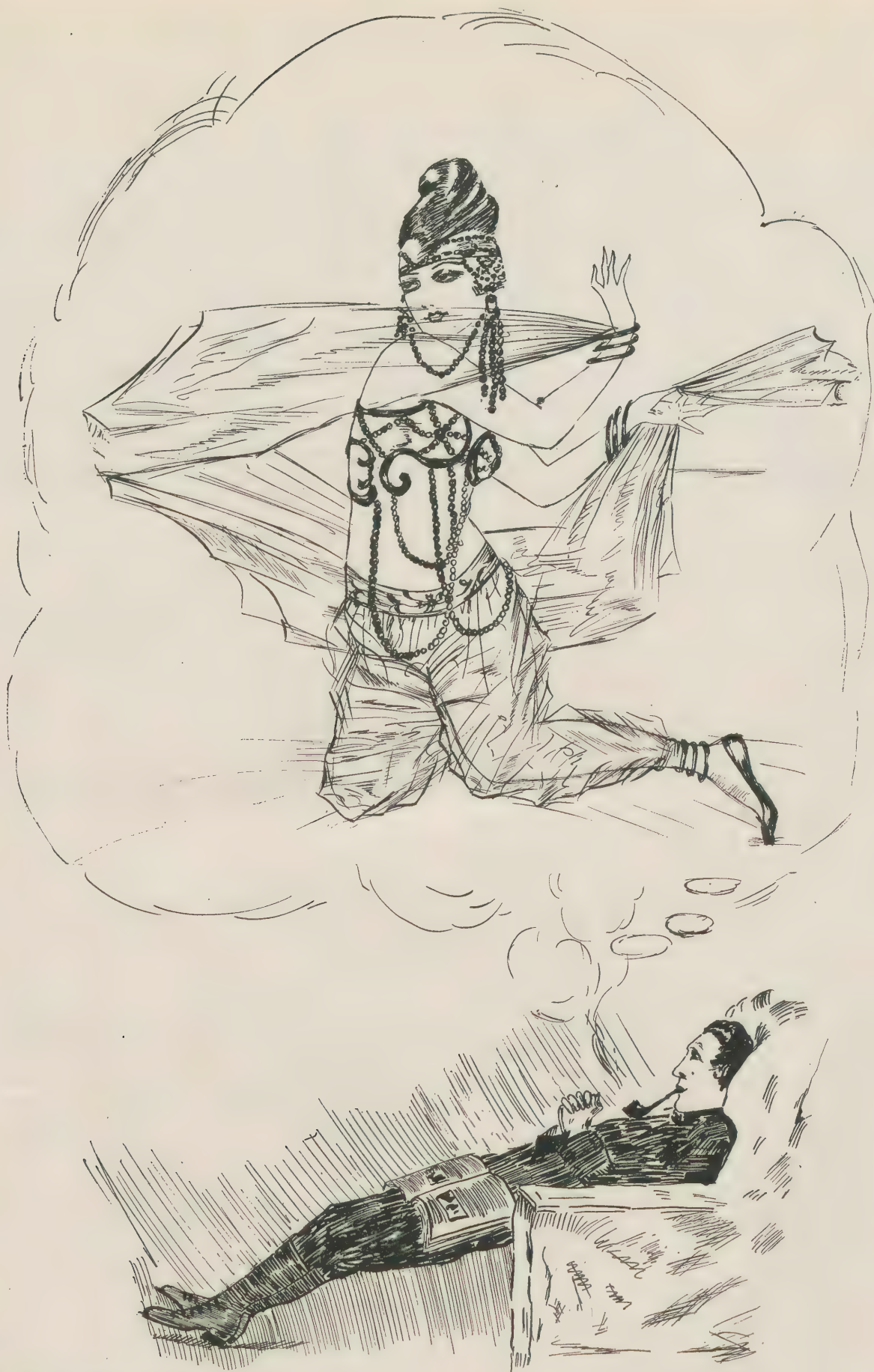
	Officers	Enlisted men.
13th Infantry	47	982
Base Hospital	65	801
Field and Staff.....	231	284
Med. Corps (other than Base Hosp.).....	74	149
Salvage Detachment	1	41
1st Prov. Co.....	0	157
2nd Prov. Co.....	0	195
3rd Prov. Co.....	0	149
Co. A, Casual Battn.....	0	122
Cook and Bakers' School.....	15	130
Colored Utility Detachment.....	0	111
Veterinary Corps Detachment.....	1	2
Motor Command No. 40.....	14	372
Camp Utilities Detachment.....	10	165
Camp Supply	23	169
301st Labor Co.....	3	281
Salvage Company	5	69
Fire, Truck and Hose Co.....	1	23
Laundry Section	2	4
Co. B, 428th Res. Labor Battn.....	1	224
Det. Ordnance Dept.....	3	30
Cas. Supply Co.....	6	56
Det. No. 18, Q. M. C.....	9	1
	511	4517

A SOLDIER'S TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The cook is my buddy, I shall not want,
He maketh me lie outside while he sneaks things to me,
He leadeth me beside the still storeroom,
He quencheth my thirst,
He leadeth me into the kitchen for mine appetite's sake,
He restoreth my fat,
Yea, tho' I walk thru the hundreds of cans of corned willie,

I shall not eat them;
His pies and his steaks they comfort me,
Surely flapjacks and hot biscuits will be assets of my life,
And I will dwell in the kitchen forever. Ah oui!

—A fortunate soldier.



Why the Enlistments for Hawaii Boomed—Also why the ward wasn't cleaned for inspection and why the Commanding Officer found the ward-master in a semi-stunned condition and—oh, look at her yourself.

The girl was lying tossing on the bed, her eyes seeking all corners of the room. "If only Jack were here," she whispered as if talking to herself, "just to have Jack here beside me." Her face was flushed and despite the prevailing calmness, her eyes flashed brightly.

Just then, the door opened, and he—came in. In a second he was at her side, kissing her hand, her hair, her neck. "Jack, dear old Jack"—how cold his nose was (but that was a practical observation and had no place now.) He had sprang onto the bed, disregarding the clean linen, when suddenly the girl noticed the very be-muddled spread. "Get out, Jack, you're getting everything dirty," she said and faithfully—obediently, the big Newfoundland dog jumped off the bed and out of the room.

Hospital Sergeant Roy Spivey Divulges **PHONEY PHONE PHRIVOLITY** *Tragic Secrets of His Fast and Racy Past*

(This is the first of a series of imaginary interviews with the more famous or less infamous celebrities of the Post)

HELLO, is this the Sick and Wounded Office of the Base Hospital?"

"Yeh."

"Let me speak to Hospital Sergeant Roy Spivey."

"Sgt. Spivey is busy at present holding a consultation with the Commanding Officer and the Adjutant. Then there's a previous call from the Commanding General and the Surgeon of the port wants him to call up as soon as he's free."

"Well, this is the Mess-Kit speaking, I'll hold the phone."

INTERIM OF TWO HOURS.

"Hello, hello, hello, this is Sgt. Spivey."

"Hello, Sergeant, Mess-Kit speaking. What's the good word?"

"Good word, good God, seven thousand coming in on the Leviathan, three thousand to be evacuated tomorrow. To tell the truth, I don't think this daylight saving plan is as good as a 25 hour day."

"You've got your hands full, Sergeant, but don't worry, when you get those girl stenographers—"

"Girl stenographers go hang, it's hard enough for me to keep my mind in masculine channels now."

"How about your past experience in motor-cycle racing, Sergeant?"

"Not a word to say—wait a minute. (Yes, your'e going to General Hospital 28 at Ft. Sheridan, Monday). No, I don't want to say anything about it. If a man has made a success, he ought to sit tight until his success drops laurel wreaths on his head. (When did you come in? What state do you live in? Going to Fox Hills, Staten Island, tomorrow). Don't say a word about my having won the national title for dirt, clay and railroad tracks."

"Sorry you take that attitude, Sergeant, for we'd like to have a word about you. Perhaps some time when your'e not busy—"

"Yeh, some other time (Got those cards fixed up Corporal? Better make out the list then.) in fact I'm so busy now that I've cut down my breathing fifty-percent."

"All, right, old man, another time."

And before the telephone was hung up, was heard fragments of "Transferred Friday to Ft. McHenry, Baltimore." "I can't help if your mother lives in Syracuse, it's her own fault."



The Sergeant: "What did you do before they assigned you here."

The new and dark-haired stenographer: "I was a private secretary."

The Sergeant: "Well, work hard and you'll probably get your stripes."

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT CASUALTIES FOURTH IN LIST OF TOTAL KILLED IN EUROPE

The statistical branch of the General Staff of the United States Army has made public a list of 49,010 men who were killed in action or who died of wounds during the war. The list is classified as follows:

	Officers	Men
Tank corps	10	72
Signal corps	9	303
Artillery	98	1915
Medical	68	698
Engineers	60	1260
Cavalry	2	52
Infantry	1700	41,420
Ordnance	3	67
Air Service	180	235
Quartermaster	6	220
Other	29	604

Totals..... 2164 46,846

The figures show that the battle deaths for the entire army was 61.2 per thousand for officers and 61.6 for officers and men.

EX-QUARTERMASTER MEN IN MUFTI DRAW MORE PAY THAN CIVILIANS

Quartermaster men at Camp Merritt, N. J., who were in for the emergency are rapidly being handed their "Little white tickets" or discharge papers.

At present there is a force of about 400 civilians employed in the Q. M. C. and this number is increasing at the rate of 200 men per month. The original number of enlisted men was 2900. The present count of 1415 men are still waiting to be replaced.

Discharged soldiers are given preference and higher wages than other civilian help because they are already trained in the army business systems.

OUR HULA GIRL

We're tired of songs of war and fights,
We're tired of songs of might and rights,
We're tired of sweating in camp these nights
Oh, bring back our hula girl.

We're tired of costumes that fit like skin,
We're tired of preachers that prate on sin,
We're tired of girls, too fat or too thin—
Oh, bring back our hula girl.

We're tired of maidens in khaki clothes,
We're tired of girls in society's throes,
We're tired of Anna's and Jenny's and Flo's—
Oh, bring back our hula girl.

So bring back the garb made of shredded wheat
So bring back the flower-decked head so sweet,
And let us go back to the girl tout suite,
Back to our hula girl.

Listen, boys and girls, everywhere—civilians and soldiers—old and young. This is your magazine and support. We will gratefully appreciate your advice as to how you think it should be conducted; what you would like to see printed in the magazine—in fact just anything you can do to help. If you have any literary aspirations or can draw cartoons; anything you think would amuse soldiers in hospitals, submit it and if possible we will use it.

It is our earnest and constant endeavor to bring the Medical Department of the Army nearer to the citizen at large—therefore subscribe for the Mess-Kit and then push in to help us make it the success it promises to be.

—The Editor.



Nurses' Department

SOCIAL NOTES BY AN ARMY NURSE

THE MEDICAL OFFICERS of this staff gave a dance to the nurses on Friday evening, May 16-19. To say that the affair was a success is to use a phrase wholly inadequate to the occasion. The dance was held in the Nurses' Red Cross House on Maple Street, the music being furnished by the Cooks' and Bakers' band—and very fine music it was. The hall was beautifully bedecked with flags, and when in the latter part of the evening the lights below were turned out leaving only the soft radiance of the cluster lamps from the balconies at each end of the long room, the effect was charming. It was the next best thing to moonlight dancing and everyone agreed that a more happy evening would be hard to imagine. A hundred couples were present, and it is whispered that many a new gown made its initial bow that evening. Certainly, the whole affair will linger long in the memory of all who were so fortunate as to be present. Many thanks to the officers.

A TEA FOR BACHELORS—it was not so called officially, but an impartial observer noted that no benedicts were among those invited to the tea given by the nurses at the Barry House on the afternoon of May 20th. Tea and cakes were served and the inevitable dancing was also indulged in. Among the guests were Captain Groeke, Captain Chandler, Lieutenant Tatum, and some others who escaped before the social reporter could get their names. If we are to believe our guests, these teas are becoming hoped for events. All expressed themselves as having spent a perfectly good time when five o'clock struck and the party broke up.

THE ZABRISKIE HOUSE was not to be outdone in the matter of teas. Following the above the nurses who make their home there planned and carried out a most successful evening "Tea." About fifty were present, and we were glad to number among these Major and Mrs. Sloat. Ice cream and cake were served, besides punch. The occasion was really a welcome home to Miss Margaret Docherty, who has been at the head of the Zabriskie House coterie since the nurses took possession of it. Miss Docherty had been on a three weeks' visit to her home in Washington and returned that night. She was some surprised, coming along the road, to see the place ablaze with light from lanterns swung very charmingly between the trees. The success of this evening was largely due, we all feel, to the untiring and unselfish efforts of Miss Sara Miles, an overseas nurse who held Miss Docherty's post during her absence. Miss Miles has since been relieved from duty and has gone to her home in Council Bluffs, Iowa, followed by the affectionate regard of all of those who were so fortunate as to know her.

A few of the nurses served tea to their friends in the Red Cross House the latter part of the month. Among the guests were Capts. Goeke, Chandler, Tucker; and Lieuts. Tatum, Bond, Sampson and Savellia. Refreshments were served, and we begin to feel that this "Tea" movement is something by way of preparation for the period following July first. We notice all the men folk really like tea.

A LAWN FEAT was given by the nurses at the Night Nurses' Quarters on Thursday, June 5th. It was noticed that in the matter of invites the Camp Surgeon's staff appeared to be favored, many of the 4th District officers were also present. Dancing on the big porch, refreshments, and general good cheer sent the guests away in a glow of good feeling.

The nurses who have left us this month are as follows: Miss Baureithel, who has returned to her home, Reading, Pa.; Miss Cronin, an overseas nurse who saw service abroad first with the British troops and later with our forces, and who has now been relieved; Miss Flaherty, who has gone to her home in Binghampton, N. Y.; Miss Miles, of whom we have made mention elsewhere; Miss Joen O'Brien, who is to resume private nursing in New York City. Miss Mildred D. Catlin has been transferred to the Surgeon General's office at Washington, D. C.

WARD 1

Miss Jaeschke seems stricken with remorse since she left ward 1, as she passed through recently minus her usual smile.

The boys in ward 1 have found something to keep them employed at last. They are busy tying buttons on the ward mascot's tail. We wonder why they don't sew them on.

Our shell-shocked patient "Red" while wandering around the ward as if in "No Man's Land" thought he met an old acquaintance from Camp Upton. Three cheers for you—"Red" the war is over. "Red" quotes that he was bagged the last day, meaning the day the armistice was signed but we have arrived at the conclusion that he was sandbagged and never regained his normal condition.

Miss Bartley who has recently arrived from the land of Shamrocks always has a welcome smile for the boys on her pleasing countenance.

Miss Jensen is indeed a very busy lady. When not distributing medicine, it is egg-noggs, but most the other.

The warm weather does not agree with our little nurse Miss Tooker. Don't worry, winter will soon be with us again.

A new patient, who arrived the other night with a high fever wanted to sit up and converse with the night-nurse. "Oh you sick boy."

Miss Hanson is willing to wager any amount of her salary that her pet kitten will do more stunts on a hospital bed than a trained monkey on a hundred feet of rope.

The privates of the Base Hospital must envy Johnson of this ward as he had to report to the Personnel Officer at 3.15 P. M. yesterday; they say he was made a "Lance Corporal."

Too bad Lussen, they would not accept Woodward, but you must remember he spent a year "over there" and that accounts for it. Mentally unfit was the Medico's verdict.

WARD 4

Can you imagine the Head Nurse asking you to write something about a ward that you have been in for two months. Guess the Head Nurse must have a grudge against me and would like to see her court-martialled. By the way we can claim the distinction of having all Head Nurses on our ward, inasmuch as this is the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Ward. The fact that they work on your head makes them all Head Nurses.

Here follows one of Ward 4's little tragedies; Scene: shows many goldbrickers sitting on the veranda lounging in the wicker chairs smoking cigarettes, the floor being littered with butts. A nurse appears, approaching the nearest goldbricker she asks, "Do you smoke?" The goldbricker thinking he is getting in on some free smokes replies, "Yes mam." Nurse says, "All right, go get a broom and sweep up these ashes." Curtain.

The reason we have so many veterans in this ward is because we are located so close to the hospital Y. M. C. A. where the kindhearted ladies from the Jersey hills come laden with home made cake and pie of every description, with the best drinks (soft) you ever tasted to go with it. Our supreme Gold Brick who belongs to the battling 13th Infantry finds it hard to have a new story every time he goes over there for the sweets. Last time I went over with him I left him when he was just about to save the life of his colonel by beating six Germans single-handed.

Our acme of Gold Bricks claims that the hospital is a very interesting place. My idea of lost motion is a man hanging around the hospital when his discharge is waiting for him.

WARD 10

A sergeant raving somewhat as he was recovering from the effects of ether, had been fighting the whole war over again in his mind. He told how he had fought and worked; how he had slept in mud and water, how he had been taken to the hospital and finally ended by being sent to the operating room. He was returned to a new ward—the home of "Empey." The nurse attending him was called away for a short time. "And now," he

"Empey over the top"—What make of car is Carr? A Ford we think by the stubborn honk, honk of that old empyemic exhaust.

Baby Doll (Dahl)—he is yet the bane of our existence. This doll must surely be stuffed with excelsior, for X-Ray is of no avail and I. Q. S. has never prompted an appetite; even the heretofore invincible C. C.s have met their defeat. Our one hope is that a Ward Surgeon with two bars—O-Mollic—may solve the mystery.

TO SGT. WILLIAM MARTIN
by his nurse, Miss Catlin.

There was a young man named Martin,
Who shot the Boche airplane;
He landed at Camp Merritt,
And asked for salts for his pain.
They sent him to the hospital
Where he soon had pneumonia and 'flu.
He almost visited St. Peter
(But this he never knew).
He had a mean old day nurse
Who gave him a bath every day.
She bossed him round like a private,
Tho he was a sergeant, they say.
When kidded one day by the nurses
He discovered he needed a shave,
So he promptly sent for a barber
And was soon a beautiful babe.
But when he searched his little red book
To pay for this luxury grand
He discovered they'd taken it from him,
Turned it in to the property man.
Then he made an awful holler
For his thirty-three dollars in gold,
And when handed a slip of paper
He thought he had surely been sold.
This Martin was optimistic
But through it all he remembered his day nurse
To another ward he was transferred—
And he certainly wanted to cuss.
But through it all he remembered his day nurse.
Who had treated him so mean,
And sent her a nice box of candy
For which she was mighty keen.
Now, when the sergeant gets better
And hurries out West pell mell,
He will tell all the nurses and doctors
To take a nice little trip to—FRANCE.

In our Ward are many types of boys. Not the least peculiar is a certain M. P. whose favorite post is by No. 26.

In bed again, Roach! each nurse is heard to exclaim, but not in alarm for each one knows the restorative power of a hot toddy or aspirin.

In a little white bed in Ward 10 lies "K."
Who stays awake through the night and sleeps through the
day.
This much I'll tell you with never a fear—
He was heard to say the night nurse was a dear,
But there is one time in the day when he's wide, wide
awake—



What every enlisted man knows would happen if girls wouldn't fall for an officer's uniform.

When he's waiting for that onion sandwich or steak. I may also add that Kelly with Miss Wheeler is quite taken—

The day that she fails to "fix" him, he always feels forsaken. Here's hoping he soon gets good and strong. So he can hit the trail with Baldy Long.

If you want to know:

Anything about one-stepping, ask Mrs. Kelly, for she waited one whole long evening to take a lesson which never arrived. The art of disciplining patients, and keep them in bed two or three weeks longer, consult Miss Dwyer.

Why Miss Foy always takes Sunday for her afternoon; ask the lady and tell us the answer. Perhaps the desired information may be obtained at the Officers' Club.

We wonder, yes we often wonder, whether or not Capt. O'Malley will ever succeed in making a soldier out of Haggerty.

Davidson spends his off hours in wondering at the great chances which have come into his young life. From a blacksmith's forge to ward work in an Army hospital. Still, he has succeeded here as at the forge. We suggest that upon leaving, a medal of some sort be pinned on his manly breast by the Ward Surgeon.

If you want any information concerning the Pennsylvania Dutch, consult Ingle, night ward master.

1. Examine all places carefully during the day when expecting to park car there during the night.
2. Fat burns—so does poison ivy.
3. Less speed.

Corporal Cronmeyer had a dream. He commanded his men "Fall out" but he executed the command himself.

Frequently when the telephone rings the patients are amused by hearing a male voice say: "Ward 16—Ward Master speaking; I don't know but I'll go see. For misinformation apply to the Ward Master."

(Continued on page 22)

The rain it poured, the sea it roared,
The sky was draped in black.
The old ship rolled, she pitched and bowled
And lost her chartered track.
"Oh dear, will it ever clear"
Wailed a nurse on deck.
As they heaved the lead, the Skipper said
"Well it always has, by heck."

The Story of U. S. A. Base Hospital at Camp Merritt, N. J.

By the Historian

THE LABORATORY

Increase Size of First Laboratory

AT the opening of the Hospital, on January 9, 1918, the Laboratory was housed in three small rooms only, as prescribed by regulations for 500-bed hospitals. In line with the experience of most of the Army Camps, this space was soon found to be inadequate for the purposes for which the Laboratory was intended. These purposes embraced not only needs of the hospital itself, but the various difficulties regarding sanitation, control of epidemics, etc., for the large and constantly growing embarkation camp, and the answering of any calls that might be made upon the Laboratory Service of Camp Merritt Base Hospital by nearby camps and hospitals under the jurisdiction of the Port of Embarkation at Hoboken, N. J.

In those early days, when the equipment was as limited as the size of the laboratory, but little work of value could be attempted. On January 2, 1918, when Capt. F. M. Meeder arrived to take charge of the Laboratory Service, the hospital was not yet formally opened, and the Laboratory building not completed. Capt. Meeder being ordered to Washington for temporary duty on January 4, was succeeded by Lieut. J. D. Dickson, who arrived from the Army Medical School at Washington on January 7, 1918.

On January 7, 1918, and until the arrival a few days later of Captain F. E. Clark and Capt. Charles B. Fitzpatrick, the Laboratory personnel consisted of but one commissioned officer and one enlisted man, though occasionally from among the men of the Overseas casals someone with previous laboratory experience was found to help out temporarily. On January 31, 1918, Captain Fitzpatrick left. On February 12, 1918, three additional men were assigned to work in the Laboratory from the new additions to the Medical Detachment, relieving the serious man-power shortage among the enlisted personnel.

Further relief in the matter of providing adequate room for effective work came when Major E. H. Schorer having reported to take charge of the Laboratory, arrived from Fort Riley, Kansas, February 16, 1918. Plans were rapidly put under way for building an addition, and a large force of men put to work on it, so that in a few weeks three large rooms and a small office for the Chief of the Laboratory Service were completed, fitted up with convenient electrical connections, hot and cold water, illuminating gas and steam heat.

Room Converted Into Incubator

A small room built of liberty board, lined on three sides, with shelves, became a large incubator. Near the bottom a number of carbon electric light bulbs, some of them submerged in water, provided heat. By means of a small thermostat wired to one series of lights the temperature of the incubator could be kept nearly constant provided the room temperature did not fluctuate between too wide limits. For special work there were also several small incubators operated at different temperatures, one constant at 55 deg. C. for meningococcus agglutinations, and there was also a small water-bath incubator for the pneumonia and typhoid work, and for the Wasserman tests that followed later.

The analytical work was done in one of the large rooms of the new addition, intended for the "chemical room," and fitted with a commodious hood to take off noxious fumes, together with blow pipe and table for glass blowing. Right shelving for reagents, automatic burettes, pipette racks, etc., were added as needed, making the furnishing of this department a most convenient thing in its completeness.

Across the north end of the addition was a large, light, airy room devoted entirely to bacteriological and microscopic work, sufficiently roomy to permit five or six to work conveniently at one time. The microscopes and other apparatus used were all of American manufacture and compared very favorably with the imported articles in use in pre-war days.

The last of the new rooms, and the largest, housed the small incubators, as well as supplies of sterilized glassware, petri dishes,

pipettes, bottles, flasks and tubes, all in great demand in busy times.

The addition thus affording the space needed for the chemical and bacteriological work, the three rooms of the original building were utilized entirely for the preparation of the various culture media, and for the cleansing and sterilization of glassware. The smallest of the rooms in the old building became the stock room in which at all times was kept an adequate supply of chemicals, glassware and apparatus.

Still more space was required, however, and the enclosed corridor leading to the door of the Laboratory was utilized as a receiving room and record office. Ice boxes protected the supply of various prophylactic and therapeutic sera and vaccines used in the hospital.

Outside, in order to provide housing for the various laboratory animals—rabbits, guinea pigs, white rats and mice—a good sized yard was screened in between two of the buildings and adequate shelter constructed of packing boxes properly waterproofed. Sufficient greens were obtainable from the different mess halls for the animals' feed, and in a short time the Laboratory was independent so far as the supply of animals for Laboratory use was concerned.

The increase in the Laboratory force had kept pace with the additional space provided. Dr. Huntoon, who arrived on March 21, 1918, as Contract Surgeon, was followed on March 30 by Capt. Raymond Sanderson, who came from Camp Shelby. Later, on May 11, Lieut. H. F. Kinney and Lieut. Snell reported from Rockefeller Institute, New York City, and they were reinforced on June 7 by the arrival of Capt. E. L. Stewart from Kansas City. At the same time the enlisted personnel was increased by several men, the entire staff now, in early summer, numbering 19.

Pneumonia Epidemic Greatly Increase Work

The pneumonia and empyema situation becoming very acute in this hospital during March and April, 1918, a detailed study of its bacteriology was decided upon under the superintendence of Dr. Huntoon. Systematic blood counts, sputum examinations for type of pneumococci and haemolytic streptococci, pleural fluids, and autopsy cultures were the source of the material. In addition to the cultures made at this time at autopsies, gross specimens were taken for shipment to the Army Medical Museum, and for preservation. The material obtained and the information so derived have been extremely useful in formulating conclusions as to the cause and course of the complications in this particularly severe and frequently fatal type of infection.

Both previous to and subsequent to this time of active bacteriological experimental work in the Laboratory, such routine work as diphtheria cultures, and the examinations of urine and feces, was carried on, dealing with all patients admitted to the hospital, and at the same time large numbers of cultures were constantly being made and examined for diphtheria and meningitis carriers, among transient organizations in the Camp, and examinations made of many cultures sent in from other Camps. In all, probably 10,000 cultures were examined in this way at this time. Also, as a routine measure, all admissions to the hospital at this period were carefully examined for body lice, etc., and it was shortly subsequent to this date that Lieut. Dunn of the Sanitary Corps was sent to Camp Merritt Base Hospital to make a study of breeding and sterilizing experiments on the body louse.

To facilitate the release of Medical Officers for Overseas Service, some of the southern Camps had made early and very advantageous use of female technicians in the Laboratories, but it was not until June, 1918, that the first one was assigned to the Laboratory at Camp Merritt Base Hospital. The experiment was a success from the beginning, and there are today five female technicians on duty at this hospital, whose work has been of the greatest assistance in covering the technical detail formerly requiring the time and attention of a Medical Officer.

(Continued on page 25)



"Why there's Franklin's name. His mother wants to know about him. Why surely, I'll write to her. He was in the bed next to mine at Brest—before he pulled West. Bullet in his lungs—but he died like a man."

Just think how much more relieved that mother is going to be when the soldier who was with her son until the end, writes to her and tells her that last remembrances. Look over the list of "missing." See if there isn't some name you recognize.

Or is there some one, about whom you want information. Let us hear from you and perhaps, a little query can locate him or some trace of him.

Pvt. George E. McClung, Company C, 344th Machine Gun Battalion, 92d Division. Last heard from November 2, 1918. Was at that time leaving French hospital for the front lines. No word since. Inquiry made by brother, R. C. McClung, Stroud, Okla.

Pvt. Boyd Tyler, Company G, 370th Infantry, A. E. F. Last heard from October 5, 1918, being in France at that time. Any information concerning his whereabouts will be greatly appreciated by his mother, Mrs. Mary Jackson, 718 Fifth Avenue, Leavenworth, Kan.

Pvt. James A. Savage, Headquarters Company, 346th Infantry. Last heard from on September 28, 1918. Inquiry from Miss Mary Savage, 1979 Laurel Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Pvt. Paul F. Smith (793373). Lost on the S. S. Otranto. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. G. W. Smith, 1111 East La Rua Street, Pensacola, Fla.

Pvt. Hobart McKinley Tipton, Company I, 57th Infantry. Has not been heard from since September, 1918, when a card was received reporting his safe arrival overseas. Inquiry made by father, James Tipton, Louisville, Tenn., R. F. D. No. 1.

Pvt. Leslie Brudage Van Voorhees, Company L, 26th Infantry. Reported missing in action since October 5, 1918. Inquiry from Father, F. J. Van Voorhees, Kendall, Mich.

Pvt. George Walker Irwin, Company K, 102d Infantry. Reported missing in action since October 27, 1918. Inquiry from W. C. Bridgewater, Fayetteville, Mo.

Cpl. Orien Waldron Smith (1746338), Company I, 311 Infantry, 78th Division. Reported missing in action since October 14, 1918. Inquiry from wife, Mrs. Orien W. Smith, 231 Conover Street, Burlington, N. J.

Pvt. Andrew Irvine, Company H, 111th Infantry, 28th Division. Last reported at Base Hospital No. 27. Inquiry from Mrs. Jennie Kelly, Midway, Pa.

Pvt. Clyde Cunningham, A. E. F., inquiry from father, J. M. Cunningham, 412 E. Graham Street, Dixon, Ill.

Sergt. Carl W. Rane, 320th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. A, 82d Div. Reported wounded October 14. Inquiry from Mrs. J. F. Rane, Aura, N. J.

Pvt. Alexander W. Henderson, Co. L, 109th Inf., 28th

Div. Reported missing in action July 15. Inquiry from Miss Dolphie M. Glazier, 222 W. Nippon Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Pvt. Frank Peiker, Co. G, 147th Inf., A. E. F. Reported missing in action October 11, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. J. Peiker, 171 Watchung Avenue, West Orange, N. J.

Private Hugh Frew, Co. I, 110th Infantry, reported missing in action August 6, 1918. Address information to Red Cross office, General Hospital 21.

Private Linus Maurer, Company B, Fourth Infantry, Eighty-fifth Division, A. E. F., reported missing on October 15. Last heard from September 1. Inquiry by Fred J. Wright, detective, city of Detroit police department, Detroit, Mich.

Private Clifford A. Hilligas, exceptional replacement medical unit 47, A. E. F. Last heard from at Red Cross Camp Hospital, No. 33., A. P. O. 716, early in December, 1918. Inquiry by J. W. Marley, Oswego State Bank, Oswego, Kans.

Private Vongel Casbon, Co. H, 367th Infantry. Last heard from in October, 1918. Inquiry from Anthony Casbon, Pilot Town, La.

Private Samuel G. Persinger, Company E, Eleventh Battalion Infantry. Last heard from October 21, 1918. Inquiry from father, B. E. Persinger, Vago, W. Va.

Private Fred E. Runkle (2175538), Company B, 140th Infantry. Last heard from in September, 1918. Inquiry from father, Smith Runkle, R. R. 1, Hiattville, Kans.

Private Clinton R. Gideon, Eighty-fourth Company, Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps. Reported wounded July 19, 1918. Inquiry from father, V. A. Gideon, care Police Department, DeKalb, Ill.

Private Harry I. Guy, Company B, 326th Infantry. Last heard from in July, 1918. Inquiry from Eugene Guy, Marriottsville, Howard Co., Md.

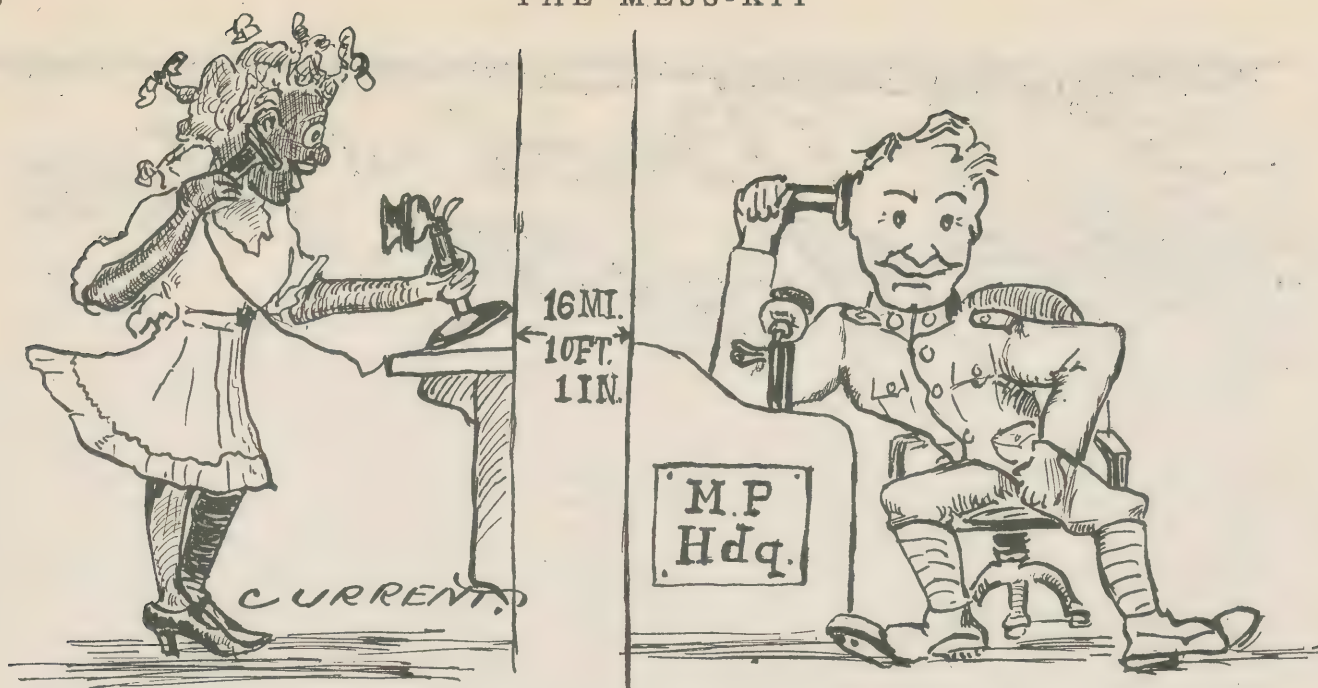
Sergt. Benjamin Young, Company H, 101st Infantry. Last reported as returned to the United States. Inquiry from Rosaline M. Young, 298 Kittridge Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Private Charles E. Kasden, Company F, 137th Inf., A. E. F., 35th Div., reported wounded October 2, 1918, and missing in action October 2, 1918. Inquiry by father, C. Kasden, 4017 North Twenty-second Street, St. Louis, Mo.

David Whitley, Company G, 138th Infantry, A. E. F., reported killed in action September 30, 1918, later reported to have been wounded. Inquiry by Mrs. Rhoda M. Lodel, 1076 S. Kingshighway, St. Louis, Mo.

Sergt. Harold B. Taft, Company E, Forty-seventh Infantry. Reported missing in action since August 3, 1918. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Samuel B. Taft, Uxbridge, Mass.

Private Ernest P. Shirey, Company L, 61st Regiment. Infantry. Last heard of in October, 1918. Inquiry from C. A. Shirey, Williamsport, Pa.



From the African sector:—"Can I come up and see Camp Merritt?"

At the other end of the wire, the courageous and romantic M. P.:—"Yes, surely—why, I'll be glad to show you the camp myself. Suppose you come up this afternoon and we'll wander around and see things. What say, little girl. No, don't say no. Just ask for Jimpson when you come to Picket Three on the way in—not a word more—see you later."

Private Wesley J. Walton, Company D, 323 Machine Gun Battalion, A. P. O. 762, A. E. F. Unofficially reported as missing. Last heard from December. Letter headed Mayet, France, bearing postmark December 9, 1918. 6 Nd. by First Lieut. H. C. Hein in.

Private Alonzo W. Wyman, Co. C, 307th Infantry. Inquiry made by mother, Mrs. Rose Wyman, R. F. D. 29, Burt, N. Y.

Private 1 cl. Wm. G. Waldrus, Co. L, 306 Inf., 77 Div. Last heard from Sept. 8, 1918. Inquiry made by his mother, Mrs. Waldrus, 28 West Ontario Street, Oswego, N. Y.

Private Martin Smith, Company A, Fourth Pioneer Infantry, Camp Wadsworth, S. C., last heard from in July, 1918. Inquiry made by sister, Mrs. E. F. McLaughlin, Anaka, Minn.

Second Lieut. H. W. Hyland, 153d Infantry. Reported to be a prisoner of war in October, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Thaddeus G. Hyland, 47 King Avenue, Weymouth, Mass.

Private Louis Gilbert Conn, Fifth Field Artillery, Battery E, American Expeditionary Forces, last heard of September 19, 1918. Inquiry from Hon. Addison T. Smith, M. C., Washington, D. C.

Private Bert T. Sutton, 79th Company, Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps. Reported wounded July 19, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. William A. Sutton, 857 Marshall Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Private Solomon Snider, Company M, 18th Infantry. Last heard of at United States Army Base Hospital, Portsmouth, England. Inquiry from Mr. Snider, Brutus, Mich.

Private Jesse L. Ammon, Company A, 58th Infantry, A. E. F., last heard from November 5, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Ida Ammon, 838 South Arch Street, Alliance, Ohio.

Cpl. William E. Andrews, Battery G, Tractor Artillery, American Expeditionary Forces. Last heard of in November, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Amelia Andrews, 157 A Street, Johnstown, Pa.

Private Bert Van Bergen, Company A, 114th United States Infantry, 29th Division, A. E. F., reported missing in action since October 12. Inquiry from Minard Kulikamp, 431 Townsend Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Private Roy Lynn, Company B, 38th Infantry, A. E. F., reported missing in action since August 8, 1918. No further information since. Inquiry made by Cleve Webb, Figure Five, Ark.

Private Walter H. Henry, member of Engineers. Last heard from in February, 1918, from Hugo, Oklahoma, stating that he was then on his way overseas. Inquiry made by father, Hugh Henry, West Plains, Mo.

Private Rosser C. Fraser. Reported injured Sept. 29. Inquiry from Mrs. J. D. Fraser, Moundridge, Kansas.

Private Martin H. Dale, Co. E, 139th Inf. Reported missing in action September 26, 1918. Inquiry from father, Henry H. Dale, P. O. Box 82, Climax, Minn.

Private Joseph E. Merrick, Co. F, 359th Inf. Reported missing in action since Sept. 25, 1918. Inquiry from wife, Mrs. Joseph E. Merrick, Chenoa, Ill.

Sergt. Maurice F. Keating, Co. F, 102d Inf. Reported missing in action since October 23, 1918. Inquiry from Bernard S. Clark, 34 North Whitney Street, Hartford, Conn.

Private (1st cl.) Tillman L. Smith, Wagon Co. 101 Q. M. C., A. P. O. 712. Heard from November 8, 1918. Inquiry from sister, Mrs. W. J. Lewis, Sweetwater, Ala.

Private Ruben Kaplan, Co. L, 38th Inf., A. E. F. Last heard of May 5, 1918. Inquiry from David Kaplan, 390 Ridge Street, Fall River, Mass.

Sergt. George D. See, Battery A, 110th Field Artillery, 29th Div., 54th Artillery Brigade, A. E. F. Inquiry from Miss Ella E. Morley, 184 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Private Henry E. Ross, Co. H, 26th Inf., A. E. F. Reported missing in action since July 20, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Clark D. Ross, Des Moines, Ia., 4042 3d Street, Highland Park, Box 344.

Private Herbert H. Mecklenburg, 7th Co., Replacement Draft Inf., A. E. F. Last heard of in September, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. J. S. Bartlett, 215 S. First Street, Iola, Kansas.

Private Laton Van Spires, A. P. O. 705, Bordeaux, France. Last heard of December 9. Inquiry from Mrs. L. V. Spires, Hernando, Fla.

(Continued on page 29)

MACKENZIE'S POLICE AID COOTIE'S DEMISE

In days of old
When rats were bold,
Pied Piper won, they say;
But now the louse
And not the mouse
Is killed MacKenzie-way.

INASMUCH as the present immigration laws include no clauses in regard to that very popular welfare worker, whom scientists call "Pediculosis corporis" and normal people call "cooties," the anti-cootie proposition is worked from the Base Hospital itself.

There are times when even the closest of friends must part, and in the military instance, it's when the troops return from overseas. Of course, the sterilizing plant does more work than that, but the Evangeline idea is uppermost in the heads of Sgt. Fred J. MacKenzie and his minions.

EXCERPTS FROM A DIARY OF A COOTIE: Embarked at Brest on breast of Private Buckins. Pvt. Buckins restless, but that was blamed on sea-sickness.

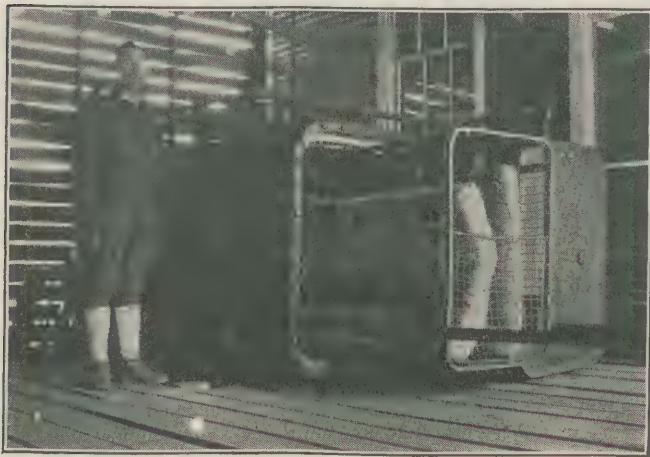
Arrived at Hoboken. Pvt. Buckins changed shirts and I lost my wife.

Train ride to Camp Merritt, N. J. Met a cootie with silver chevrons. Belonged to Medical Department of the Base Hospital.

Pvt. Buckins started stripping for examination, so I clung to his undershirt. It seems that a friend of mine couldn't get off in time, so he was discovered and, after sorting out his clothes, the undershirt on which I was, was placed in a barracks bag and sent to a very very warm place. Here my narrative becomes harder, for the heat is enormous—I'm shrivelling—

(This must be discontinued, before it encroaches on Edgar Allen Poe's morbid tales)

The hades to which Mr. Cootie was subjected was one of the two large sterilizers used. Each machine has a capacity of seven mattresses, 75 blankets or 90 pillows, as well as a proportionate number of barrack bags. The sterilizing process itself takes about 40 minutes.



The Cootie's Purgatory, Or Why Leave the Sunny Land of France.

Not only the clothes of lice-infested returned soldiers but also of any suspects in camp either of permanent parties or of detachments ready to embark (when they did this).

Race suicide never entered the cootie's mind, for the microscopic examination of a soldier's shirt revealed 10428 fully matured vermin and over 10,000 eggs.

But this is only part of the sterilizers' work. All old bandages and dressings from the operating room are sterilized and reclaimed. The method used is that of soaking in cold water and lime for 24 hours, then boiled for an hour and washed in an electric washer. The final step is the drying in a steam dryer.

Apropos of candle-fish; they ought to prove light diet.

How will they ever use that expression "Here's how" any more?

SHELL SHOCKS

No matter how interesting this number may be, the proximity to July first, will make it a dry number.

While the Mess-Kit has taken no decisive stand on the wet-and-dry question, it admits that a man can be just as thirsty in uniform as any other way.

I tried to write a triolet,
A triolet to Violet;
But there's no rhyme for "Violet"—
So there will be no triolet.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE DISCHARGE IN YOUR HOME?

—and he said "Yep, it was a dandy race, and I finished first."
—and she said "That's funny, I always thought the finish was last."

In July, 1918, it still was "Deutschland uber alles." In July, 1919, it is "Deutschland unter allies."

Pretty soon, they'll be asking "What's become of the old-fashioned man who used to take bromo-seltzer."

What is so rare as a second lieutenant (in the Base Hospital).

Sentry—"Halt, who's there?"

Sad small voice—"Friend."

Sentry, gruffly—"Advance, friend, and be recognized."

S. S. V.—"You don't know me, I'm a stranger in camp."

Will the pot at the end of the rainbow be \$60 or six months pay?

"Bridesmaid soon to be a bride."—*Musical Monitor*. Sort of a process of evolution.

Here we were just at the point of believing that Esperanto had joined Sanskrit and the other dead languages, when we heard some one yelling "Sthraberrees! Sthraberrees!"

It's a fortunate country that sees its own president.

The League of Nations must be playing a 156-game schedule.

It seems to us that we remember vaguely when girls wore cotton stockings.

TO HOLLAND

You may talk and explain and condone as you will,
But the truth is, the Beast has his home with you still.

(Apologies to Gellert Burgess)
I've seen a German cootie wild.
And English and a Slav one;
So I can tell you this, my child,
I'd rather be than have one.

Things were amiss,
In days of bliss
When

we

would
stagger
home
this.

like

But now, oh my,
You'll find that I
Come
Home
Like
This.
The
Country's
Dry.



BATHING GIRL. AFTER MICHAEL ANGELO

(Some 500 years after)

O Maiden fair of shapely form,
Thou goddess of the sea;
List to the words of soldier birds—
"You sure look good to me."

or

You dare not be a Lorelei,
For Lorelei was Hunnish;
But still your beauty caught my eye,
I'm sure you must be "hon"-ish.

or

Atlantic City's fame is spread,
For candy sweet and misses;
So that's the place for all our race,
Who like salt water kisses.

or

Water, water, everywhere,
But not a drop to drink;
For even drops of water'd
Spoil our lady made of ink.

or

I crave not girls in bathing suits
But dare not shout about it;
For censors say a maiden looks
Best in one, not without it.

or

Come, dear, back to the bath house,
The end has come, no doubt;
Now one more hug, we'll pull the plug
And let the water out.



CONTRIBS



THE SERGEANT

Who is the man of haughty mien
With ample chest and peanut bean.
And movement like a Ford machine?
Why, sonny, that's the Sergeant.

Who's busy as a bumblebee
To get you up at reveille.
And shouts your name in strident key?
Why, sure, that's the Sergeant.

Who cries "Fall in," and when you do
Says "As you were, you roughneck crew,

Fours right about: I'll put you through"
Why, sure, that's the Sergeant.

Who carries all the world's disgrace
Writ in furrows on his face.
And looks for trouble every place?
Why, sure that's the Sergeant.

Why does the poor boy act this way?
Will he a General be some day?
No, sonny, just the other way.
For Hell is full of Sergeants. —Trouble Buster.

THE GIRL WHO STAYED AT HOME

When Poets wrote of sacrifice in Flanders and in France,
Of how our brave young Heroes left their homes and
took the chance,
Of how our RED CROSS NURSES toiled, and wept and
even died,
They didn't even mention those who labored on this side.
They wrote, at length, of daring deeds performed on
every hand,
They wrote the Ballade Beautiful "THE ROSE OF NO
MAN'S LAND."
They wrote of mothers, sweethearts, wives, who waited
home in fear,
But forgot to write a few short lines of ARMY NURSES
here.

Some day, perhaps, they'll think of you, of sleepless nights
you spent.

With misery and suffering, when willing hands you lent,
When, through those weary days and nights, you toiled
(perhaps you wept)

You're ROSES TOO! each one of you YOUR COUN-
TRY'S FAITH YOU KEPT!

S. O. L.

This Army of ours is composed exclusively of S. O. L.'s.
Everybody says so; therefore, it must be true.

We can't get our fourth helping of goldfish, so we're
S.O.L. We can't get more than one pair of russet shoes
at a time, so we're S.O.L. We can't get a leave of two
weeks any oftener than once in four months, so we're
S.O.L.

It's a wonderful life. The poor down-trodden soldier—
admitting his poverty and down-troddenness—always has
one privilege, that of kicking. It may not do him any
good, but still he can kick. And why shouldn't he? Isn't
he S.O.L.?

There are, of course, a few things we must pass over.
We are one of the best paid armies in existence; we are
one of the best supplied armies; we certainly come from the
best nation; we have all sorts of hifalutin Sam Browns

worrying about where we shall sleep and what we shall
eat and what we shall drink (and what we shan't)—and all
that kind of thing. But, withal, we still insist on being
S.O.L. It's our natural prerogative, and we enjoy it.

There once was an American soldier who went to
heaven—oh, yes, of course, he got there AWOL. St. Peter
offered him the freedom of the city.

"But," complained the Yank, "now that I've got a pass,
there isn't a doggone M.P. in sight to challenge me."

S.O.L., as usual.

—The Stars and Stripes.

MOVIES

Last night
Me an' Ed
Went to the movies
An' they showed a picture
From home
It was one of them
"Smile Pictures,"
The kind
Where you see
The home folks
An' it was took
In Paterson
An' I'm from Paterson
An' so is Ed
An' they showed
Lots of folks
From Paterson
An' all of a sudden
Ed shouted
An' jumped up,
An' waved his hands
'Cause there
On the screen
Was his ma
An' his sister,
An' he yelled:
"Hello, Ma!"
The durn fool!

An' I almost yelled
"Hello, Helen!"
'Cause I know
Ed' sister,
Gee!

—The Stars and Stripes.

NEW ISSUE OF FOOD CARDS

Meal ticket, please.

Dining car porters will require soldiers to show a ticket after
June 1 if they want to take advantage of the special 75 cent
"military meal." Under new regulations issued by the War De-
partment the reduced meal will be furnished to enlisted men;
to recruits and accepted applicants for enlistment enroute for de-
pots or other concentration points; members of the Army Nurse
Corps; and to discharged soldiers returning from debarkation
ports or demobilization camps to homes or places of acceptance
for enlistment.

Serially numbered identification cards will be furnished for
this purpose by officers authorized to issue transportation re-
quests or to pay travel allowances, who will designate the points
between which use of the card is authorized and the date upon
which the travel involved should be completed.

These cards must be shown to the conductor or steward of
the dining car or eating house controlled by a railroad, before
ordering meals, and will be void after the date shown thereon.
The cards will be retained by the person to whom issued and
not taken up by the conductor or steward.

Personals

CAMP is a lonesome place, when there is nothing but khaki and army mules and Government official cars and no—nary—not a woman.

That was the sum total of the thoughts of Ebenezer Frost, as he sat on the steps of his barracks, shining a pair of one-time russet shoes for the weekly inspection. He had drilled and drilled and missed-being-sent-to-France and drilled again. Then they had put his unit to work, hard work, which wasn't suitable in all the heat of June.

But Ebenezer could have stood all this, if there had only been a woman in the case. After mess, every night, he would see the other men of his company, brush back their straggling hair, take a deep breath and start out for Englewood or Oradell or sundry other places, even some being rash enough to go to Jersey City.

It was quite a disconsolate Ebenezer, that picked up the evening paper and stretched his big feet across the doorway, that night. He turned past the bomb plots and even skipped the sporting page, until he came to the advertising section. Slowly his hand trailed down the columns until he reached the black letters PERSONALS.

Hardly worth the chance, Frost thought, but still—look here:—

Widow, 26 years old, said to be beautiful, has \$2000 in bank, desires to meet goodlooking man with job. Must be under 35, Address Box 4D.

Ebenezer Frost got up and stretched. Then he looked in the mirror and satisfied himself that as far as the age, position and beauty was concerned, he was "there." A few minutes later saw him "treking" for the nearest writing room in the nearest welfare building.

* * *

A letter found in Box 4D, two days later.

"I am 29 years old and good looking. I have just been promoted to corporal in the U. S. Army and the boys in my squad say that I am a good fellow. With the government allotment, you would get \$30 a month, and after I get out of the army, I could earn lots more. Please write and send picture.

Hopefully,

Cpl. Ebenezer Frost,
Barracks Y2, Camp Merritt, N. J."

* * *

Letter to Cpl. Ebenezer Frost. Several days later.

"My Hero:—Your glorious note made me anxious to see you. Then we can talk about our plans. I'll meet you at Cresskill, Sunday afternoon. I'll be in on the 3:15 train. With love to my Soldier, ever his
Alice Frazier."

* * *

Centuries frivelled around from 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon until 3:15 while Ebenezer, his khaki uniform freshly washed, paced back and forth on the platform. Down the track, a black blotch grew larger and larger and took a living appearance, and finally puffing and hissing, the train pulled up at the station.

She got off.

The starched white summer dress and the low-cut pumps made her look like a girl off a magazine cover—only she was black.

But Ebenezer was too love-fraught to be held back by that. Then there was another reason. His name was on the roster of the Colored Utilities Detachment.

ABANDON BASE HOSPITAL

For the past six months, base hospitals at National Army Camps have carried a large share of the burden of treating overseas cases, but with the reduction of personnel in hospitals and the closing of many of the base hospitals the care of overseas cases will now fall more upon the general hospitals.

The Surgeon General has directed commanding officers of general hospitals to pay particular attention to the length of time that sick remain in the hospitals, making the turn-over as rapid as possible, consistent with regulations, with a view to shorten the average length of time the cases remain in hospital.



The King Enjoyed a Good Rain

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

The tribute paid by Lieut.-Col. Monaghan of Det. Hosp. No. 3, N. Y. C., in his article in the *Evening Sun* to the men of the Medical Corps is more than deserved and it is overdue. No class of men gave up more in the service of their country than the physicians and surgeons who joined the medical and sanitary corps. Many of them abandoned a practice it had taken years to build up, and in the very nature of the case other men took their places and will naturally retain them.

It is not so easy for a doctor, even a specialist, to "come back." Often he must begin all over again. As Colonel Monaghan says:

"The self-sacrificing and cheerful elimination of personal interests which have characterized the men and officers of the medical and sanitary corps will never be fully known."

But let it not be forgotten. As to the men who had to stay here to handle the very difficult problem of receiving the wounded soldiers and managing the hospitals at home, quite as much to them as to those who reached the battle front, all honor is due."

—N. Y. *Evening Sun*.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT DISCOVERS ANTHRAX GERMS IN SHAVING BRUSH

Your shaving brush may have anthrax germs. Did you know it? Be careful to thoroughly steam and sterilize a new brush in order to escape an attack of facial anthrax which is caused by shaving brush infection.

You owe it to the Medical Department of the Army for this discovery. Colonel F. F. Russell, Chief of the Laboratory Division, Office of the Surgeon General, was the first to note the occurrence of anthrax among soldiers. Lesions appeared on the face and suspicion was at once directed to shaving brushes as there had been similar outbreaks among British soldiers which had been traced to the brush.

The brushes are made from badger hair, horse hair or pigs bristles, and before the war came from Russia, China or Japan, being cleaned and disinfected in France or Germany enroute. When the war began these brushes came direct to the United States via the Pacific route minus the cleaning process. It was a case of failure to realize the danger which would result from these brushes being put on the market without being disinfected, which caused the occurrence of anthrax.

Please—folks—when you write to our advertisers or buy anything through an ad you see in this magazine, please—say you saw the ad in the Mess-Kit. It only takes a moment but it means a lot to us. Thank you.

SPORTS

THE inter-camp baseball league has become a reality.

From its inception at the meeting of the Camp Athletic Officers at the office of the Commission on Training Camp Activities, New York City, May 26th, to June 11th, when the league started, the work has gradually matured until Camp Merritt is represented by a formidable baseball nine to oppose the teams of Camps Dix, Upton and Mills.

The play will be a round-robin, each team meeting each other twice. Camp Merritt's team was picked by Lieuts. Heilman (Base Hospital), Gillespie (Officers' Club) and Walsh (Camp Supply Co.), includes Dougherty (QMC), Baker (13th Inf.) and Ellison (Officers) as catchers; Powers (Officers), Wellington (13th Inf.) and Dougherty (QMC), pitchers; Miller (QMC) Smith (Officers), Andrews (QMC) and McCollum (Cas. Bn.) infield; Carl (Officers), Watson (Base Hosp.) and Hasse (Cas. Bn.), outfield, with Tice (1st Prov. Co.), Jones (Base Hosp.), Blaier (Cas. Bn.), Creed, Tate, Reid and Adams (all 13th Inf.) utility men.

On June 10, the Base Hospital team had won seven of the eleven games played, capturing the last three in succession. Quite a bit of the success of the "medics" has been due to the pitching staff, which has arisen from mediocrity to a formidable array of twirlers. Jones and Anderson, especially have showed fine form. Against the Bakers and Cooks, Anderson pitched hitless ball for five innings, when he was relieved by Marlow, to save his arm.

In Decoration Day's game against the Camp Medical Detachment, Jones held his opponents to four hits, splitting them between the sixth and ninth inning, two hits in each frame.

The fielding of the teams is still poor, 13 errors being the high score in the last three games the Base Hospital engaged in and ten errors being the lowest total.

The Base Hospital nine ran up the high score for the season in the game with the Bakers and Cooks, pounding three pitchers for 30 hits yielding 32 runs. The inning score:

Base Hospital	1	3	1	10	2	6	9	0	*	—32	30	2
Bakers and Cooks.....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	—4	5	10

Anderson, Marlow and Hempstead; Templeton, Moore, Whitman and Campbell.

Seven errors almost lost the game against the Camp Medical Detachment, but the ability of Jones to hold his opponents in leash at the proper time, saved the game. The inning score:

Base Hospital	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	1	—5	9	7
Medical Detachment	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	—3	4	6

Jones and Hempstead; King and Winkle.

Out hit, but also out-errored, the Base Hospital's sixth inning rally gave them the victory over the Second Provisional Company. The inning score:

Base Hospital	0	0	1	0	1	3	0	1	*	—6	5	4
2nd Prov. Co.....	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	1	0	—5	9	6

Fleischer and Hempstead; Stephens, Voetz and Maines.

The 3rd Provisional Company has replaced the Colored Utilities team in the Class A league. The increasing number of discharges cause the latter to drop out.

Winning teams in the A and B leagues will be awarded cash prizes.

Outside games for camp teams are being scheduled by the Y. M. C. A. in its athletic program. In addition to loaning out equipment, that organization is constructing tennis courts at the west-end of Merritt Hall and a twilight tournament is proposed.

In order to better subdivide the camp according to the number of huts, the Y. M. C. A. has allotted all the Chestnut Street blocks to "Y" No. 2; west of Knickerbocker Avenue, including block 12 to "Y" No. 3; blocks 4, 5 and 6 to "Y" No. 5; blocks 7, 8, 9, and 10 to "Y" No. 1 and blocks 11, 19, 20, and 21 to "Y" No. 4.

BASE HOSPITAL NINE



Standing, Left to right—Westland, Trullson, Robinson, Evans, Brooks, Watson, Lieut. Person, (Coach)
Sitting, Left to right—Anderson, Jones, Painter, Hempstead, (Capt.) Teel.

OUR OWN MINSTREL SHOW

"Oh Mista Intolocutah, where is Bevo, New Jersey."

"Ah, don' know, Mistah Bones, where is Bevo, New Jersey."

"Near Beer. Tratratratratrata."

When de blud has been mopped away and de scenery propped up, Mistah Jelly will sing "Mothah' you don' have to cut any moh wood, fatha's comin' home with a load."

"Tell me, Mistah Intolocutah, did you notice de slip that Mandy Johnson made."

"No, Mistah Tambo, she only had a gingham dress on when ah was there."

By common consent, the entire company will now sing, "Fathah put the screens up, the flies spoil sistah's music."

"Tell me, Mistah Bones, how did you escape being killed over in France."

"How did Ah escape bein' killed. Listen, in de fust battle, de bullets came, first on mah right, then on mah left, then below me and then above me, so Ah found they was gettin' mah range, so I says to mah laigs, 'Laigs Carry On, your body is in danger.' And they shore did, for I caught up with dat shell that passed over me, in de next quarter mile."

Remember the time you were standing at attention and some pretty girl tried to cross a mud-hole with a tight hobble on.

Owing to Culver having a boil on the port side of his nose the pictures of the Mess-Kit staff will not appear until the August number.

Sgt. Stanton—"Why is a slacker like a lemon meringue pie?"

Sgt. Dark—"Don't know, why?"

Sgt. Stanton—"Because he is yellow all the way thru and hasn't enough crust to go over the top."

I tossed a bomb into the air;
It came to earth right over there;
And when that little bomb it fell
A dozen Fritzie's went to Hell.

Cpl. Swanson—"What were you before you joined the army?"
Cpl. Connors—"Happy."

(Continued from page 13)

WARD 20

First class boarding house for Pneumonias. Best care guaranteed or money refunded. Extra attention given to diets—a satisfied customer is the best advertisement.

We were glad to see Sgt. Guilla Benton of the 13th Inf., who was discharged from the Ward Friday, return on Saturday to see if he had been missed. The Sergeant spent almost two months in the Base.

Our Baby—and every ward has one—the youngest patient, is doing nicely. He has travelled a long road; first, measles then pneumonia, but we are glad Edward is doing as well as he is and hope he will soon be well enough to go out to Seattle.

Our one colored patient—Joe Cochran, the Spirit of Fun, will soon be out of the Ward. His pain is gone, his appetite returned, judging from the amount of chicken he ate on Saturday. Joe lives up to the instincts of his race in his love for chicken.

We must mention in these notes our efficient Ward Master Henwood and Bill—the orderly—one Harry, who is now replaced by a new man—name and race unknown.

Some mention should also be made of Capt. Day, our Ward Surgeon—but we have already taken up so much space that we will hold him and the nurses over for the next issue. We wish other wards to have an equal chance to print their items.

WARD 22

"Say, Sgt. Armstrong, who was that fellow you sent to Ward 22 the other day?" "Why that was Pvt. Lukashko from the Officers' Quarters." "What is the trouble with the poor fellow?" "Well, he was on detail and strained his back something awful." "Is that so! Do you mean to say that a man can strain his back in this hospital while on detail? On what detail was he on when this occurred?" "Carrying bottles out of the Officers' Quarters."

The boys took up a collection to get rubber heels for one of our best nurses.

Does anyone know the nurses who were caught stealing cherries or strawberries? Ask Ward 22. Did Capt. Terwilliger make a good O. D.? He surprised the guard by his precise and amazing knowledge of guard orders. How is the Captain, Miss Swartz? LOST: An orderly and ward master. Any information leading to their recovery will be appreciated.

WARD 26

Due to the fact of less pneumonia, Ward 26 is not what it used to be. The Ward Surgeon has left Camp, the nurses have departed to other wards and the faithful Ward Master is otherwise employed. All that is left at present of the busy ward is the head nurse in charge of thirty-two empty beds.

WARD 27

So saith Pvt. Frederick S. Beck, Co. I, 166th Infantry:—

"Back home, after seven months spent in the devastated areas of France and with the Army of Occupation patrolling the Rhine, in a pretty little village called 'Oberwinter.' Guard duty, military regulations each day, but these nothing to the awful things which faced us before the signing of the Armistice. Remembering the small part I had in the Argonne Meuse drive—just that small amount of experience in the world war has implanted in my soul a love of my own country that was not there before. I think it must be so with every true soldier who has passed through the din of battle; who has seen his comrades slain on the fields and in the trenches about him; who has been face to face with the methods of our enemy.

"What man, who has met up with the boche, would not sacrifice his very life itself to prevent our ever calling them master—the plan they had in mind? The long weary marches, day and night, are over; the hunger, the thirst, the cold and the heat, have passed; the horrors unspeakable are but things of memory—memory, however, that will never die; though we can go over again in our minds the scenes of terror—the roar of the big guns, the whizzing of the bullets, too near for comfort, the call of the brave commander and the answering, almighty yell that you would meet it as you followed him over the top.

"The battle—and then the surprise with which you found yourself unharmed—and, every honest man will confess it, the prayer which silently went up to the watchful Father in whom

your belief was never before so steadfast. The sinking of the evening sun, when you spread your blanket under the stars to catch what sleep you might—sleep which will not come, in whose place comes the thought of home, the well-nigh intolerable longing for the dear ones you have left behind, the thought that will not down,—are you ever to see them again? Not a coward's fear this, for in spite of it you are ready in the morning to go through it all again.

"There were horrors that have left a memory which will never die. But back of this is the unswerving belief that the price we paid was none too great if by it we have saved our glorious God-given liberty, have helped others to obtain theirs. We are home again, back in the most glorious country God has made, and not one of us but feels that he would go through it all again in the same cause. WILL WE FIGHT AGAIN, BOYS? The light has come to our own eyes; we see things as they really are. WILL WE FIGHT AGAIN? You bet we will, should the need of protecting our country ever arise again."

WARD 28

This has long been known as one of the busiest wards in the hospital. Since the epidemic beginning September 18, 1918 it has been a pneumonia ward with Lt. Marks and Miss Hoffmeier in charge, the former having recently received his discharge from the service.

On May 17th, 1919, after a winter of strenuous work, the ward was changed into an evacuation ward, and is now empty, with 32 beds ready for occupancy, while for 3 days the staff have been sitting idle, waiting for patients or doing the Spring house cleaning.

WARD D

There's a mistaken impression about ward D.

Everyone seems to think we've got T. B.

It is all a mistake I will have to state

We're just sent there to recuperate.

We're goldbrickers, all except two or three

And the doctors can't agree that we've got T. B.

They take a sputum test and an Xray too

Then at last they find it's just the after effects of the "flu."

The medical board examines us, then we evacuate

And go to a casual outfit and wait, and wait, and wait.

Until it is time to board the train and go out to the other coast

We'll have to stay here and wear our blouses

And roast, and roast, and roast.

But some day away back home we'll be,

Think of Camp Merritt and old ward D

Where everyone thought we had T. B.

—An ex-patient of ward D.

WARD H

Wanted: two social secretaries. Apply to Capt. Barron and Jump. Numerous social engagements make this necessity urgent.

Wanted: mumps patients, apply to head nurse of ward H. We guarantee good bed, plenty of fresh air, and excellent board, the attendance of a capable ward surgeon, two strictly professional and ambitious day nurses, and willing and obliging ward men with whom to play African golf.

The nurse on duty Friday afternoons requests the services of at least one M. P. to protect table and blotters until after inspection on Saturday morning. Also will some one kindly suggest a means by which one ward may signal another when the inspecting party is en route. The suspense is terrible, the shock worse, especially when you expect to meet them at the front door with your best professional air and are amazed to find them coming through the ward, having entered by way of the rear door. After they have taken their departure you wonder if you have even looked intelligent not to speak of "Professional Aairs."

OFFICERS' WARD

We would like to know why two of our more or less permanent boarders are not able to get up before 11 A. M. every morning. There is a baby basket for rent but so far has only had one tenant. I am sure he will give it a good recommendation.

STACKS^a n' STACKS^s o' THINGS

by *STACK*

Lieutenant—"Whom do you wish to be advised in case of death?"

Geo. Washington Keith—"My top-sergeant so that he won't mark me A. W. O. L."

The thrill that comes once in a life-time. Receiving your discharge.

De George—"What do you mean by telling your girl that you were C. O. yesterday? Weren't you on K. P.?"

Clark—"Certainly but C. O. means Cuisine operator."

Times are growing better for the men detailed in the Post Exchange. Sgt. Coons has recently purchased a Studebaker and Sam Insull has also purchased a gas wagon of ancient vintage. Lloyd Keller of the Soda Fountain is contemplating a suit of B. V. D's.

A new meaning for A. W. O. L. has been given out by the War Dept. "After Women or Liquor."

Buchheit—"We have 48 cases of pneumonia in the hospital."

Groves—"That's nothing, there is a saloon in Hackensack with 100 cases of whiskey in the cellar."

Have you seen Sgt. Jimmy Pierce's auto yet? Smallest edition of motor driven vehicle in camp. Jimmy has to get out in order to apply the brakes.

Phil Current of the Mess-Kit staff recently spent fifteen days and \$4.95 cents in his home town, Fort Wayne, Ind. Phil reports that the state is a wreck, all of the saloons having been turned into candy stores and missionary establishments.

The state of New Jersey is opposite the City of New York is the proud assertion of a New Jersey resident.

Detachment Commander—"And why do you want a furlough?"

Cpl. Mummert—"I am going to get married Saturday and if it is possible I would like to be there."

Lamberg—"Holy Smoke! What is that thing sticking out of your collar?"

Nurse—"Oh, dear. Where, what is it? Gracious."

Lamberg—"Oh, I see now, it is alright. It is your neck"

I must hunt me a blacksmith and have my helmet reblocked.

THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT

Venus de Milo with cooties.

Shortage of coal these hot days.

Five hundred barrels of beer valued at \$8,000. recently dumped into the Ohio river. But why tell us?

Would you rather be a lieutenant with a bar on your shoulder, or a private with your shoulder on a bar?

Sgt. Teal—"Had my arm around her five times last night."

Cpl. Evans—"Some arm."

Sgt. Spratt—"Longbottom, what makes you so small?"

Longbottom—"When I was young my mother fed me on shortcake and condensed milk."

Babe Ruth of the Post Office says that he would rather be a private than General Pershing as there is more chance for advancement.

Sgt. O'Neil at mess—"K. P., there's a piece of rubber tire in this stew."

K. P.—"That's nothing, don't you know that the auto is replacing the horse these days."

Tommy Morris says that the folks back in Pennsylvania have just found out about the armistice being signed.

Jimmy Sovine of the Carpenter Shop received the following telegram a few days ago: "Twins arrived last night. More by mail. Wife."

The following conversation was heard in the Personnel Office between Corp. "Dizzy" Hazard and a patient who was about to receive his back pay.

Hazard—"Stand at attention there you are now in the presence of a corporal of the United States Army, and answer these questions.

"Where were you born? When? Why? What is your home address? Know any more good ones? How tall is your youngest sister? How long ago is it since you have indulged in a bath? Where were you 18 years ago last night at a quarter of ten, why? Why do you want to be paid? What do you intend to do with it? Now fill out these 24 requisitions and report back here five weeks from to-day and we will take up your case. Detail excused."

We have been wondering why Cpls. Bryson and Ward were hiking to the carnival in Bergenfield every night. We have found the center of attraction. Both of them fell in love with the fat lady to the extent of paying four admissions to that attraction every night for ten days.

No, Berdine, the pool tables in the club house were not made to shoot crap on.

Harry Shuss was seen on the Fort Lee ferry the other night armed with a long handled butterfly net running wildly around. On being questioned he admitted that he was trying to catch a cold.

Gregory's eye has returned to its normal size and color and he is once more rambling around the hospital with the same old care-free expression. Cpl. Keller who was on the case after putting two and two together came to the conclusion that Greg was bumped with a ferry boat.

For sale—By the Q. M. C., 45 desks slightly spur scratched. We have often wondered why aviation officers wore spurs. The reason is clear now.

Sgt. Coons of the Post Exchange is advertising all tonsorial operations performed while you wait.

An order recently published and placed on the bulletin board informs us that we will wear a piece of gray cloth 2" by 3" with the following letters embroidered on in black: "P of E. N. Y." It will be worn midway between the shoulder and elbow on the left arm. That must mean that we are not going to receive our discharge for that is the designated spot to wear the discharge stripe.

On account of the recent hot weather Frank Rose was seen to remove his undershirt cotton and put back his woolen O. D. Shirt. Poor Frank can't part with that shirt while sleeping it seems.

A cook, a cook, my kingdom for a real cook.

Now that the warm days are here we have received orders to wear our blouses while outside of barracks. Perhaps when the snow flies again we will receive an order to wear track suits.

K. P. Union No. 48 will hold a lawn party on the parade ground during the week of June 32nd. Proceeds to be used in paying the salary of one civilian cook.

There have been some strange reasons for re-enlisting but Blondy Lyons of the Officers' Mess takes the marbles. His shining light in West New York having found a corporal who is willing to spend part of his \$8.75 a month on her. She therefore wrote Blondy that hereafter he needn't disturb the gravel of her front walk. Blondy therefore re-enlisted for a year. Rather a serious sentence to impose on himself.

Infuriated father to George Ferris—"Boy, I don't mind how long you stay at night but I'll be D—— if I want you kicking over the milk when you go out in the morning."

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT

On June 5th, 1919, between the hours of 8 and 9 A. M. 64,856 shoe laces were broken by the people of the United States.

There are 2,345,798½ Fords in this country of which 435 are in running order.

If all the shirts used by the U. S. Army during the month of April 1918 were placed one on top of one another they would make a pile.

An advertisement in the Fort Bayard News has the following: "Used Cars for sale. One Ford stripped." Rather immoral, eh, what.

Note, there will be a luxury tax placed on all furniture polish, hair tonics, flavoring extracts and liniments after July 1st.

Famous sayings of the troops of the World War:

England—"God save the King."

Italy—"Vive a 'la Italia."

France—"Vive la France."

Russia—"Zxacbtzn jkl zxqyurzxst."

Germany—"Hoch the Kaiser."

America—"WhentheHelldoweat."

Before undergoing an operation in an army hospital one should always count the instruments before and after.

Girls, please allow Pvt. 1/C Butterfield a half hour of your engagements as Joe only possesses one white collar which must be washed and ironed before he ventures out.

Pvt. Sunshine surely has taking ways. One Sunday going through the rear of barracks No. 4 he noticed a khaki blouse which would match his breeches belonging to Mort Heller. "Sunny" confiscated same leaving a little note of apology. On further search he found a shirt belonging to Bill Flaherty. Liking same, he appropriated that also leaving another little note. Warning, lock up your clothes. Someone may take a fancy to your bunk.

George Benoit has discovered that a horse and buggy cannot push over an automobile. This fact was very clearly demonstrated to him one evening at Waldwick, N. J.

Mort Heller is suffering from a severe cold due to some disobliging cop leaving the park gate open while Mort was indulging in a little night's sleep in Central Park.

"Tug" Watson has written a very touching little ballad which will be released after July 1st entitled, "Ten drug stores in a night."



They say that every Dog has his day and this Purp's happened to be Friday the 13th

THE ARMY NURSE

The war's awful havoc is over,
The last mighty battle is won;
We've broken, and broken forever—
The murderous might of the Hun.

We welcome our heroes returning,
We weep for the ones who were lost.
They went when they heard duty calling,
They went and ne'er counted the cost.

All honor and glory is due them,
Those boys who have been through that hell,
Who answered the stern call of duty—
Who answered so bravely and well.

And while we are cheering our heroes,
Cheer Her, who had lessened war's curse—
Who stood by our boys to the finish—
The splendid American nurse.

Pvt. Barney Lyons, Hosp. Train No. 58.

RED CROSS HOUSE

Since the arrival of so many convalescent patients who do not need treatment, the House has received the privilege of opening at ten in the morning for patients who present a pass from their Medical Officer.

Miss Augusta A. Graves, who has been Social Service Worker at the Red Cross House since its opening, has recently received her discharge from the service which is considered a great loss and is very much regretted. Miss Graves reported for duty here before the House was completed, and superintended the final touches and furnishings before the formal opening. Since then her effort has been untiring in carrying out her splendid work among the patients, and she will long be remembered by the many who knew her.

The American Red Cross has appointed for Social Service Worker, Mrs. D. Pirie Beyea, to take the place of Miss Graves at the Red Cross House. Mrs. Beyea has recently returned from France where she served in the lines with Evacuation Hospital No. 6, nine months through all the big offensives following four months with Red Cross Military Hospital No. 2, at Paris. In 1914, the beginning of the World War, Mrs. Beyea offered her services, and served during the first battle of the Marne, after which she went to the Holland border and was the only nurse for 5000 Belgians until 1916, when illness caused her return.

Three nurses are wearing mourning on their caps. The head nurse wears it for the late chief of the Red Cross—the other two for Lieuts. Benedict and Horn who are back in Philadelphia and Cleveland respectively, in "civies" trying to explain where they were when the 77th Division won the war.

THE LABORATORY

(Continued from page 14)

Sterilizing Brushes To Combat Anthrax

With the admission to the hospital, during the first five days of July, 1918, of 15 cases of clinical Anthrax on the bearded region of the face, attention was naturally focussed on this disease. Shaving brushes seemed to be the conveyor of the organisms, as almost every case gave a history of a cut while shaving and the use of a new shaving brush. A very careful examination of these brushes, as well as of about 1,500 others collected from many sources, was made and a method worked out by Capt. Sanderson to separate the anthrax bacilli from the ever-present *bacillus subtilis* (hay bacillus). Also, in order to render new brushes, which might be a possible source of infection, safe and harmless, various methods were tried out, including mechanical sterilization with various degrees of heat, the usual chemical disinfectants, and finally the aniline dyes.

Another change that had been made was that all the Wassermann blood tests which had previously been sent to the Army Medical School in Washington were now made at this Laboratory, as well as all the necessary reagents therefor. This served to fill the long-felt want by decreasing largely the customary period of waiting for the reports to be received from Washington. This change applied also to the other Laboratories of the Port of Embarkation, specimens being now sent to the Laboratory at Camp Merritt Base Hospital for examination from other Laboratories under jurisdiction of Hoboken.

Major Schorer Sent to New York Laboratory

For some time the plan of having a central laboratory for the Port of Embarkation, located in New York City, to act in the capacity of mother-laboratory for all, had been under consideration. The new central laboratory was to be equipped with facilities for assisting the several laboratories of the Port, supplying extra needs, both of material and of personnel, and carrying out such special work of importance as had heretofore been sent to the Army Medical School at Washington because of insufficiency of average laboratory equipment. Major Schorer was chosen as Chief of this service, and though still located at Camp Merritt, pending the completion of the New York Laboratory, began the organization of the forces among the different laboratories, as well as the establishment of new ones. The force of the Laboratory at Camp Merritt Base Hospital served for a little not only as the permanent detail for this hospital, but also as a nucleus for all the others.

Though the New York Laboratory was not to be completed for some time, Major Schorer was relieved from duty at Camp Merritt Base Hospital on July 10, 1918, that he might keep himself closely in touch with developments in New York, and Captain Raymond Sanderson was appointed Chief of Laboratory Service at this hospital. Capt. Clark also left during the latter part of July to assume charge of the Laboratory at Debarkation Hospital No. 2, at Ellis Island, and Contract Surgeon Dr. Huntington left by the middle of August to enter civilian life and take up his pre-war work again. On October 20, 1918, the New York Laboratory being then in a fair way toward completion, Lieut. Dickson was transferred there. Various temporary appointments were made to help out the commissioned personnel, one of which was made permanent, namely, Capt. Stevens. Lieut. Wallendorf and Capt. Fox and Forbes, awaiting the sailing of their units, were temporarily assigned to Laboratory work at Camp Merritt Base Hospital.

Under its new chief, Captain Sanderson, the Laboratory was in a position when, in the latter part of September, 1918, the first of the influenza cases came into hospital, to be of the greatest assistance to the clinicians by its findings upon active cases, and by autopsy. It is regrettable that permission to do autopsies during this epidemic was not secured until much valuable time had elapsed, but the permission was received in time to perform some 75 autopsies, in addition to the study in detail of about 5,000 of the active cases. The findings were substantially the same as those of Dr. Park in New York and Dr. Keegan of the Chelsea Naval Hospital.

The addition of Capt. H. W. Carey and Lieut. L. R. Dargstedt on October 12, 1918, increased the personnel to its present strength of five officers, five female technicians and nine enlisted men.



The Charminque One: And you're leaving me. You promised to love me always.

Gen. Pershing's understudy: I know—but the reader might object to some ways.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION AND GUIDANCE:

German prisoners of war, doing fatigue duty for six months at Brest, are wearing gold service chevrons.

Confiscated cognac was poured into the radiators of army cars as anti-freezing solution, at Coblenz.

The Adjutant General has authorized the transfer of 200 enlisted men of all branches of service, convalescent in the hospital, upon their own application, for duty as telephone operators at army stations.

Maj.-Gen. James W. McAndrews, General Pershing's Chief of Staff, is the new head of the General Staff College, which includes the Army War College.

The Lost Baggage Depot, Hoboken, has on hand 3300 pieces of unclaimed baggage of members of the A. E. F.

U S. A. General Hospitals No. 40, 42 and 11 at St. Louis, Philadelphia and Cape May, respectively, are to be discontinued.

Newly enlisted soldiers are replacing the old divisions in the Army of Occupation.

"Canned Willie" and "Goldfish" are being supplanted by frozen chicken in the Army of Occupation, the government sending across 4,000,000 pounds.

God bless the man who first invented sleep,
Said Sancho Panza and I rather guess,
The bugler chap is playing in tough luck—
For he's a man that God will never bless.

"Nothing to it."

"Are there many people thinking about the peace conference?" Yes, everybody but our representative in Paris."

There's one thing that perplexes me,
Said little Johnny Kinds;
Do girlies use cosmetics
When they make up their minds.

At twenty you left the farm and came to the city. And for thirty years you have been working like hades. What for?
In order to get money enough to live in the country.—*New York Evening Sun*.

"His wife never seems to care how late he stays out nights."

"If you were married to him, would you?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Priscilla told John Alden to speak for himself.

"At least I don't pretend to speak for the whole American people," he retorted.—*New York Sun*.

An American soldier brought in a Hun prisoner recently and found the fellow had a pocket full of French money. The doughboy looked at the money, the picture of fine restaurants in Paris loomed before him, and then, tapping the Hun on the shoulder, he said:

"Kamerad, kanst du craps schutzen?"—*Exchange*.



Lincoln was born in a Log Cabin. This is the Mess-Kit's First Home

TRUE TO YANKEE GIRLS

He Dances With Queen, Princess; Finds 'Em Slow

O, girls—if that doughboy of yours writes back and tells you he's been dancing with royal maidens, don't get excited or blue.

You can take it straight from Private James Wallace, 332d Ambulance Company, that these royal queens and princesses can't shake their feet to compare with the American girls. And James knows, for he danced with the Queen of Rumania, her daughter, the Queen's sister, and a sister of the King of Spain at Aix les Bains.

In a letter received by his sister, Mrs. G. F. Colman, of Chicago, he tells of his experiences as follows:

"The Queen and her party came here to talk with Yankee doughboys who had been at the front. After showing them a couple of boxing bouts, a dance was started. Not being enough girls to go 'round, they had a system of blowing a whistle every short while as a signal that the girls' partners must give way to new ones. An American general was waltzing with the princess.

When the whistle blew, I made a mad rush and tapped him on the shoulder. He was sore, but a game sport.

"After I danced with the princess awhile I found out that although I am pretty poor myself, she was no Mrs. Castle. Neither were any of the others with whom I danced during the afternoon. I think most any American girl could beat them.

"The doughboys almost tore the Queen and other royal women apart in their anxiety to dance with them. I told the princess she could understand now how we rushed the Heinies."—*Ontario Post*.

THE BEST PRACTICE

The soundness of the advice of W. M. Goodwin, representative of the Federal Board for Vocational Education, to the effect that for every soldier before being discharged to interview him, is obvious. Much time and trouble can be saved in the adjustment of insurance, allotments, allowances and compensation if they are attended to before the soldier is discharged and returned to his home. Mr. Goodwin is able to cite case after case of men who are now "outa luck" because of their negligence.

The fact of the matter is, the government is getting a lot of blame for slowness and inefficiency in its handling of these matters that it does not deserve. In a great many instances the blame can be traced straight to the soldier or his relatives who have failed to answer important letters, or who in the belief that they are bettering themselves, give false information, or keep secret certain physical ailments. Mr. Goodwin is now working on a case which could have been adjusted in a few days, but owing to the negligence of the soldier the settlement of his problems has been pending since his discharge from the service last December. Another man recently perjured himself, gave false information about his physical condition, thinking that he would get out of the army quicker by such methods. He did get out, but within a short time he was flat on his back with rheumatism, and begging the government to help him.

In all cases, the soldier up for discharge should get his affairs adjusted. He should by all means make a confident of his surgeon and make a clean breast of his physical condition. It is a practice that pays in the end.—*Ft. Riley Base Hospital*.

Remember the Girl Back Home?

Then why not remember her with a year's subscription to the Mess-Kit. Let her see the funny part of camp life. Don't allow her to look at you with eyes of wonderment when you talk about K. P. and P. G. and various other army tragedies.

Fill out the coupon on another page and mail it to the Business Manager of the Mess-Kit Base Hospital, Camp Merritt, N. J.

ATTENTION!

SOLDIERS!

SAILORS!

MARINES!

AT the recent session of Congress proposed legislation was favorably reported by both House and Senate committees providing for the construction by returned soldiers, sailors, and marines of soldier settlements in practically every State. Owing to the congestion of legislation, the bill did not come to a vote. It is expected, however, that similar legislation will be introduced and passed at the present special session, which will give you work almost immediately and the chance to secure one of the

FARMS WHICH WILL BE AVAILABLE

In order to ascertain, for the information of Congress, the attitude of the men in the service toward the plan, the Department of the Interior wishes to hear from every soldier, sailor, and marine in the United States or overseas, who is interested in the plan. Already thousands of inquiries regarding the plan have been sent in to the Department from men about to be discharged who wish work and the chance to secure a farm home.

If you are interested, write to-day, giving your name, home address (street, number, city, and State), age, occupation before enlistment, whether you have had previous farming experience, and where you would prefer to work, whether in your own or in some other State.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MRS. O'FLAHERTY TALKS ON SAFE INVESTMENT

By Anita Day Downing

"Did you never want to be rich?" asked Mrs. Hogan of Mrs. O'Flaherty.

"Not in particular," answered Mrs. O'Flaherty, rounding a very neat heel on the sock she was knitting.

"I used to think I'd like to be a golden plutocrat. But now I think of the way the salesladies in the stores would feel if they had to make me look slender and fashionable. Poor girls, they've troubles enough of their own with all the war profiteers' wives these days. I'm willing to stay poor and wear calico to save their feelings." She chuckled good naturedly at her own fooling; and laid the sock in the folds of her immaculate and capacious white apron, that she might better enjoy the conversation.

"But why are you asking?" she inquired encouragingly.

"I was reading about a man in the paper," explained Mrs. Hogan. "He got two or three shares in a mining company for a law fee, and pretty soon he had a million, just as nothing. It seems like just saving and getting three or four or five per cent. on your money was all awful waste of time, when some folks just take a chance and get rich over-night. Mike and me was talking about it just last night. There was a man in Mike's shop yesterday with some oil stock he said would be worth thousands in no time at all, and Mike was wondering if it wouldn't be a good idea to cash in some War Savings Stamps and buy some stock. The man said that two or three hundred per cent. in a year would be nothing at all to what we could expect."

During the last part of Mrs. Hogan's speech, Mrs. O'Flaherty opened her mouth as if to speak, once or twice, and when Mrs. Hogan had concluded, she burst forth, with all the force of pent up indignation:

"Mary Hogan," said she, shaking her finger oratorically, "if I thought you was as great a fool as you sound, not a minute would you be sitting in that chair. It's fearful I'd be that you'd go mad and bite me or something.

"Don't you know," she went on, impressively, sitting on the edge of her chair and shaking her forefinger nearer and nearer the nose of the astonished Mrs. Hogan, "don't you know if there was that much money to be made, the agents wouldn't be going into machine shops to sell their stock. Wouldn't the Wall Street brokers be just about breaking their necks to get it? And don't you know that the reason that man making a million out of nothing got into their newspapers was because there was only the one of him? There's a man that went eighteen days in an open boat without food, and there's a man can climb up the side of a skyscraper, but nobody's ever done it since."

"There's no sense saying that there isn't a lot of money to be made," objected Mrs. Hogan.

"Of course there's lots to be made, and some of it without much to start on," agreed Mrs. O'Flaherty. "But there's specialists in making money just like everything else. It's as much of a trade as riveting, or dressmaking or fixing an auto, or being a doctor. We all think we could make a dress, or tinker a Flivver, or cure ourself of the hives, but it takes more than just believing to create a Paris gown, or fox-trot in an airplane, or cut a man up and put him together again.

"If it's a real job you've got on hand, hire a specialist.

"The banks and the big business men and such have more sense about making money than you or I'll ever get. When you say that four per cent. is good interest, they know what they're talking about. You'd better take their word about it."

Mrs. O'Flaherty had been literally rising to her points. Now she stood over the almost frightened Mrs. Hogan with wrath in her eye, and with full force of her Celtic enthusiasm.

"And when you talk of cashing in Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps," she thundered, "with the United States Treasury telling you to hold on to them and paying you to do it besides, I'm almost tempted to tell Mike Hogan to take a shillelah to you. He might beat some sense into your head."

"It was only advice I wanted," protested Mrs. Hogan, "and not to have my head taken off."

"It's little advice of mine you should be asking, when your Uncle Sam has told you what to do," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, a bit placated.

"You keep putting your money into War Savings Stamps, and when the five years are up, go to a good bank and ask them what to do with the money, if you don't know yourself by that time. But don't talk to me of any of these get-rich-quick-schemes that Mike Hogan brings home from the shop.

"It's every bit as much your business to put your money into safe keeping as it is to save it, and if you can think of a safer place than the United States Treasury I'd like to hear about it. And if you buy War Savings Stamps, they'll pay you rent for the privilege of taking care of it."

"Thanks for the advice," said Mrs. Hogan, and then a bit wickedly, "You've ravelled out half that heel lecturing me."

"Go 'long with you," laughed Mrs. O'Flaherty, "it was worth it to speak my mind."

FACTS AND FIGURES

Interesting Statistics

There are 345,6778,999,111 holes in the socks of the bachelors of the United States.

* * *

Some one has counted 5,543 different, thoroughly respectable ways in which a girl can amuse herself. And yet some of them do tatting.

* * *

2,789,456 people own fishing tackle. Twenty per cent. of these catch fish and the other eighty per cent. are worm-drowners.

* * *

The last report of the War Industries Board shows that the total number of peanut stands in America is 97,079; 38.7 per cent. of these have a little steam whistle attached.

* * *

There are 6,456 fat women in Detroit who, when standing up in a street car, plant themselves athwart the aisle to make sure than nobody will get ahead of them. Their motto is: "They shall not pass," and they hold their salient with such force or rather avoirdupois that nobody does pass.

* * *

A man in Cleveland is said to have such a remarkable memory that he is able to keep 10,000 names and faces in his mind. It would take just such a brain as his to remember the names and meanderings of the streets of Detroit.

ARMY COOKS

Army cooks are not born; they are made. Of course, they were born or they wouldn't be here, but they were not born under any sign that even faintly resembles a kitchen-range. Their skill (Rest, men, as you were) may be attributed to the training they received and hence we are justified in saying they are made.

Their preparation for their work begins when they are rookies. They get three "shots" in the arm; learn the "school of the soldier" and have the Articles of War read to them. Having completed their course of training, they now take their place among the pots.

They soon get independent as the dickens and likewise do the proprietors of restaurants in the vicinity of the post. The latter get independently rich. The kings of the kitchen just get hard-boiled.

The most thorough roasting they do is that which they give the poor K. P.'s. We have been bold enough to try to be funny at the expense of the army cooks because they won't know who wrote this. If they did they would cook our goose or poison us with some more of that odoriferous and concentrated extract of Rocky Mountain ram commonly called mutton-stew. Of course, we are only joshing. The grub we get is fine. We eat downtown a lot.—*Detroit Azumer.*

A young adjutant flourishing a telegram. What do you know about this bird! Wiring an extension of his A. W. O. L.

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Port of Missing Men

(Continued from page 16)

Private Lon Oscar Vaught, A. E. F. (no other information available). Last heard of March 2, 1918. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. A. L. Cooper, Purdin, Mo.

Private Peter C. Morris, Company C, 142d Infantry, 36th Division. Last heard from in the summer of 1918. Inquiry from wife, Mrs. P. C. Morris, Swink, Okla.

Cpl. Earl Dudley Scott, Company L, 104th Infantry. Reported wounded in July, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. H. W. Scott, 366 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass.

Private Robert H. Lodge, Company E, 303d Engineers, A. E. F., reported wounded in hospital October 27. Inquiry from Mrs. Earl Cable, R. F. D. No. 1, Steubenville, O.

Private David York, 49th Regiment Coast Artillery. Inquiry from J. E. York, R. F. D. No. 3, Tampa, Fla.

Harry A Potter, James E. Squires. If you know either of these men or of their whereabouts notify Bessie Potter, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 30, Kelly, N. C.

Wagoner Austin Ewell, Headquarters Detachment, 65th Field Artillery Brigade. No word since sailing for France on July 28. Inquiry from Mrs. Marion Sission, Blooming Grove, Tex.

Perry J. Batty, 317th Trench Mortar Battery, A. E. F. No word since August. Inquiry from brother, Thomas Batty, 328 N. Lexington Avenue, Columbus, O.

Private Olaf Anderson, Company H, 54th Pioneer Infantry. Last letter received was from him at Base Hospital No. 6 dated October 3. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Ellen Anderson, Hawley, Minn.

William Elmer Gabriel, Company I, Sixth Missouri Infantry, was consolidated with Third Missouri Infantry and composed 140th Infantry of Thirty-fifth Division (Missouri and Kansas). Reported fissing in action October 3, 1918. Inquiry by brother, J. C. Gabriel, Kennett, Mo.

Alfred Larsgard, Battery F. Twelfth field artillery. Went to France over a year ago and has not been heard from since. Inquiry by stepfather, K. T. Olson, Berthold, N. D.

Sgt. Harry Chefetz, Fifty-fifth Company, Fifth Regiment, U. S. M. C., reported missing in action July 24, 1918. Inquiry by father, Nelson Chefetz, 23 Mulberry Street, Fall River, Mass.

Lieut. Raymond W. Parker, Escadrille 129. Reported as prisoner in Germany. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. A. A. Parker, 515 Elm Street, Champaign, Ill.

Private Richard Harwood Wingate (1565062), Company L, 162nd Infantry. Reported missing in action since July 21, 1918. Inquiry from mother, Mrs. Mary E. Wingate, R. R. 1, Lyons, Greene County, Ind.

Private Leroy Farst (1935403), Company K, Thirty-eighth Infantry. Reported missing in action since October 8, 1918. Inquiry from Raymond Farst, New Madison, Ohio.

Private Homer B. Magee, Eightieth Company, Sixth Regiment U. S. Marine Corps. Last heard from in July, 1918. Inquiry from Miss Sallie Daniel, St. Francisville, La., P. O. Box 25.

Private Henry G. Hubbard, Company L, Sixteenth Infantry. Reported wounded in action. Inquiry from Mrs. H. D. Ogburn, 54 B Street, Waycross, Ga.

Corp. Edward M. Harrington, Battery B, Thirteenth field artillery. Last heard from in October, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. James M. Kenney, 2513 S. Sixty-eighth Street, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Privates Arthur C. Simpson and Hugo R. Norbeck, Base Hospital 47, Camp Crane, Allentown, Pa. Inquiry from Miss Edna T. Hughes, Glen Gardner, N. J.

Sgt. Earl L. Jones, Co. C, 139th Infantry, 35th Division, last heard from September 29, 1918, in Argonne Forest. He was reported missing in action September 29; later reported in hospital slightly wounded, and later reported killed in action. Inquiry from A. C. Jones, Junction City, Kan.

Private Max E. Schumann, Co. K, 18th Inf. Reported wounded July 19. Inquiry from Miss Hazel A. Wheeler, 68 Hampstead Place, Athol, Mass.

Private Earl E. J. Patterson, Co. 5, S. A. R. D., Camp Gordon, A. E. F. Last heard of in November, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Ed Patterson, R. No. 1, Box 77, Stratford, Ia.

Private Raymond S. Thorn, 51st Co., 5th Reg., U. S. Marines. Reported wounded in hospital on June 11. Inquiry from Mrs. Charles Thorn, 2001 E. Madison Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Private George H. Barlow, 114th Inf., Co. E. Reported wounded in hospital in France, No. 5. Inquiry from Mrs. E. Carson, Tottenville, Staten Island, N. Y.

Private Percy E. Young, Headquarters, 302 M. T. C., A. P. O. 717. Last heard from in October, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Percy E. Young, Box 265, Livermore, Me.

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Private Lloyd Selby, Company B, 49th Infantry, A. P. O. 762. Last heard from in October, 1918. Inquiry from First Lieut. A. S. Lee, U. S. Hosp. No. 3, Rahway, N. J.

Private George T. Taylor, Company K, 138th Infantry. Reported missing in action October, 1918. Inquiry from Ruth H. Bartlett, R. F. D. 1, Grassmeme, N. H.

Private Odos J. Bittle, A. E. F. Inquiry from Carrie Hawks, R. D. 1, Box 106, Alicia, Ark.

Private John H. Kerr, Company A, 140th Infantry, 35th Division, September 28, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Fred E. Nelson, R. D. 1, Arbela, Mo.

Private Ernest Evans, Company F, Card No. 805. Last heard from in September, 1918. Inquiry from Florence Greer, R. R. 5, care Porter Crutcher, Lexington, Miss.

Mechanic Paul W. Cunningham, Co. F, 9th Inf. Reported missing since Sept. 12, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. O. E. Cunningham, 820 East 154th Street, Cleveland, O.

THE LOST CORD (WOOD)

Seated on day at the organ
I was weary and ill at ease.
I was grinding up hash for the supper
With the organ between my knees.

I did not know what I was grinding
Or what was to happen then,
But I struck what seemed to be the remains
Of a lately lamented hen.

"Great heavens," I cried, "'Tis a chicken."
With a hand on my fevered head,
"We ordered the leg of a steer for hash
And they've sent us a leghorn instead."

Alas for the dear old organ,
They broke it apart with a pick.
The Mess Sergeant stood with a tear in his eye,
As they hauled out a piece of a stick.

"Found at last" and he clasped to his bosom,
The lost cord of maple and ash—
"Some son of a gun put the Camp on the bun
When they put all my wood in the hash."

First Buck:—"Never again, will I teach my girl any military calls."

Second Buckier:—"Why, what's up?"

F. B.:—"Well, I taught her 'To the Colors' and now she uses lip rouge and an eyebrow pencil."

"Does your engine always miss like that?"

"No, only when it's running."

"How did Smith ever become a Major in the Dental Corps?"

"Oh, he had a good pull."

Wonder whether the Yanks and the Deutschen Fraulein's have been acting on that "Love your enemy" proposition.

Time: July 2, 1919. "Do you want a drink badly?" "Is that an invitation or are you getting statistics?"

Imagine them spiking the punch with Coco-cola.

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The peace-time army differs vastly from the war-time army. You are certain of your job from day to day

Don't Worry—Join the Medical Dept. and Let Uncle Sam Do It